

Why Stevenson? *Gilbert A. Harrison*

# THE NEW

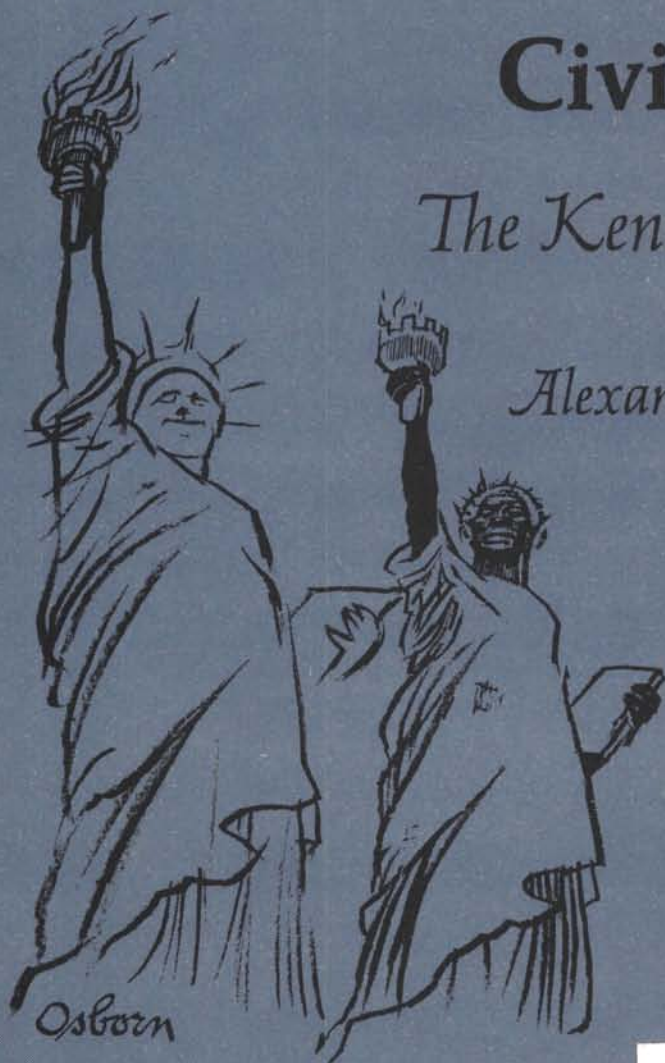
December 15, 1962, 35 cents

# REPUBLIC

## Civil Rights

### *The Kennedy Record*

*Alexander M. Bickel*



# T.R.B.

from  
Washington

## Who Gets It and How Much?

★ In the opening gun of his 1964 Presidential campaign, Gov. Rockefeller attacked the President where he is weakest—lagging employment and business torpor. A few hours after he spoke, Washington announced a sudden, startling jump in the unemployment rate, from 5.5 to 5.8 percent.

And so Gov. Rockefeller beat President Kennedy to Manhattan and to the economic issue. The President goes up to NYC next Friday to unveil his own tax cut proposals, postponed from last August. He has not lost the initiative, but his speech at this late date inevitably has some of the quality of a "reply" to Gov. Rockefeller.

How times have changed! Here are both presumptive candidates of the 1964 Presidential race advocating something that only yesterday the sainted Eisenhower and most of his newspaper supporters rejected as heretical—an expansionary tax cut! In 1958 a few, like Gen. Eisenhower's former top economist, Arthur Burns, were vainly urging a \$5 billion tax slash to get the nation out of the latest-but-one Eisenhower recession. Today everybody, yes, even the US Chamber of Commerce favors it.

Rockefeller spoke before the NAM convention in New York. Conservative Republicans, exhibiting their normal death-wish, show a tendency to run after Goldwater. They held a hush-hush political rally for him in Chicago this week. Rockefeller is leaning over backward to show what a very sound chap he is; not a bit like the dangerous liberal the Union Club suspects. He managed his two roles skillfully before the NAM. It is true that he and Presi-

dent Kennedy both favor a tax cut. But they differ, he implied, as to who gets it. He would use it to stimulate "accumulation of investment capital" which means, in economic terms, corporations and upper income recipients.

In contrast, the Kennedy economists think a major need is to stimulate demand, and would cut taxes on moderate and low incomes. Rockefeller also, if we understand him, rejects increased deficit spending as an economic stimulator. He brands those who have any truck with it as "theorists" thereby including most economists the world over. We regard this as nonsense.

Well, this ideological battle may bore you before it is over but anyway note that an expansionary, deficit-producing tax cut is now accepted as a reasonable tool—the issue has moved on to the who gets it and how much.

## "Dear Adlai"

★ Our whole estimate of President Kennedy collapses if he countenanced, or indeed, knew in advance about the *Satevepost* article on Cuba, containing the quotation that "Adlai wanted a Munich." Up until this article, by Kennedy press-friends Charles Bartlett and Stewart Alsop, the Cuban affair had been handled with skill and elegance; we report, sadly, that this incident cast a shadow over it. Here are unanswered questions on the article: In the face of the Kennedy ban on disclosure of White House conferences, why did Bobby Kennedy and others apparently help in its preparation? Why did Alsop, who usually writes excellent pieces in the *Post* under his own byline in this instance bring in Bartlett, close friend of the President? And finally, isn't the President able to protect people from being pilloried who give him honest advice and, indeed, can't he keep top-secret Security Council discussions secret? The questions remain even after the President's "Dear Adlai" letter.

An Administration shuffle moves Budget Director David Bell (43) over to head Foreign Aid (10th man in 15 years); Council of Economic Advisers Kermit Gordon (46) over to head Budget; and John P. Lewis, Indiana University economist, to replace Gordon on the CEA. These are characteristic

Kennedy-adviser types: young, intellectual, topnotch; the best team we have ever seen any President assemble.

We are struck particularly by newcomer Lewis (whose book, *Quiet Crisis in India*, \$5.75, Brookings, appears next week.) A significant thing, we think, is that Lewis for two years was assistant to Leon Keyserling in the CEA, who wholeheartedly backs him. Keyserling—Truman's top economic adviser—is a sturdy, controversial, dogmatic all-out activist, who favors Federal support of the economy. Here is what he predicted, August 15, 1961, for Kennedy's economic half-measures:

"None of the fundamental distortions and imbalances in the economy have been addressed vigorously . . . The current upturn seems to me no stronger, at best, than previous upturns which quickly terminated . . . Even by late 1962, the percent by which our total national production falls short of our full and growing potentials may be almost as great as now . . ."

Our hat is off to LeRoy Collins, outspoken president of the National Association of Broadcasters, who told the industry that if they expect to escape public regulation they had better police themselves, for instance stop tobacco commercials that encourage youngsters to smoke. He asked the industry to give up \$134 millions a year in cigarette advertising, for what?—for the public good. Such a quixotic attitude naturally roused two networks, ABC and NBC, to wrathful disclaimer! The third, CBS, kept silence. Rumors are that Collins will lose his \$75,000-a-year job with the NAB.

## Notes

★ Senator Allen Ellender, Louisiana segregationist, has just carried his helpful message to sensitive African states that Negroes can't govern themselves either in Dixie or Africa; for some reason he has been barred from Uganda, Tanganyika and Ethiopia . . . We like Clark Clifford's reminder of a comment "court jester" Harry Vaughan once made to the weary Truman, as the two watched a particularly flowery picture hat approaching them in a White House receiving line for the DAR: "It looks exactly like a well-tended grave!" whispered the general.

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## Once More in the Congo

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Events in the Congo again have assumed that state of giddy animation diplomats call "fluid" and others mistake for chaos: Deputies in Leopoldville running around Parliament pretending they are chickens; Tshombe, collapsing into the arms of aides in high Shakespearian anguish following a visit with a representative of the State Department; rioting by Belgians in the streets of Elisabethville; reports of renewed fighting between the Central Government forces and Tshombe troops in North Katanga.

Two years ago these occurrences would have been fraught with sinister meaning, needing to be worked into some complicated tapestry of Congolese politics. This matters now very little. For it has become abundantly clear that if anything is to be done to end Katanga's secession, it must be done in Washington, London and Brussels before being acted out in the Congo itself.

All three governments have backed the UN plan for reunification of the Congo along constitutional lines. This plan calls for Katanga to merge its army with that of the Central Government, share its mining revenues on a 50-50 basis, but retain various administrative functions for governing internal affairs. Tshombe himself agreed to all this in principle last summer, but in practice has shied away from anything but the loosest type of federation. At one point, he had agreed to merging of the two armies, but had rejected draft constitutions which would increase the number of provinces, thereby breaking Katanga in two; and he would promise to pay only \$2 million in mining revenues to the Central Government, not the \$20 million specified under the United Nations proposals.

Now there is fresh evidence that Washington has rounded up support in London and Brussels and that the UN plan can once more be picked up and pushed to its conclusion. Paul-Henri Spaak, the Belgian foreign minister joined with President Kennedy recently in Washington in threatening Katanga with severe economic sanctions should it fail to end its secession within a very short period of time. The British have said they will not oppose the use of sanctions. If true, this means that U Thant can now apply steadily mounting pressure - culminating, if need be, in cutting off the flow of copper and cobalt from the mines which finance the Tshombe regime.

The object is to apply pressure on Tshombe in such a manner that he finally realizes the jig is up, but yet not so ineptly that he decides to loose his substantial arsenal on the surrounding countryside. This

is a delicate maneuver for Tshombe has played a waiting game with some success. Deadlines for UN reunification plans have come and gone; the Indians are anxious to withdraw their 5,500 men – the backbone of the Congo operation – for duty on the Chinese border; the UN itself cannot go on spending \$10 million a month financing its 18,000-man force. The Premier of the Central Government, Mr. Adoula, burdened with increasing problems caused by unemployment, banditry, discontent over Katanga and a general sense of futility, has grown weaker, and two weeks ago barely managed to survive a vote of confidence. His weakness is in part due to Tshombe, who has been bribing the delegates, making it quite plain that he feels it only a matter of time until the Central Government disintegrates. A few days after the stern Kennedy-Spaak communique, there was news of a new US plan which suggested giving Katanga more revenues, and the federal government less authority. Its announcement in the press, at once denied, may well have encouraged Tshombe to look forward to another bout of talking.

Events tend to contradict this and suggest that Tshombe should take the UN seriously. For the first time since the fighting last September, American cargo planes are in the air over Elisabethville ferrying UN equipment in an airlift. The UN itself is working hard to forestall removal of Indian troops while building up its other forces. Militarily, the UN is in good shape. Its soldiers are strung out along the northern-most Katanga boundary and Elisabethville has lost control over most of this area because of rebellion of the Baluba tribe. In order to fight, Tshombe must take to the air since the Balubas have barred his land routes. But the UN has given a clear skies order, so that Katangese aircraft are subject to UN attack. The Belgians particularly are known to be impressed by the fact that Tshombe's area of control is shrinking, for this brings the center of any future conflict closer to the mines.

Robert Gardiner, the UN representative in the Congo, is now expected to lay down very specific grounds along which a constitutional union can be achieved. If Tshombe is not convinced, economic pressures can be applied. Mining revenue held in Belgium for the Katanga government may be diverted to the Central Government, or the UN may block two railways (one through Angola, the other through Mozambique) used in hauling ore to the coast, thus forcing Katanga either to fight or to use the longer northern route through Leopoldville. This would provide Adoula with revenues and employment.

Tshombe is being squeezed from other directions as well. He has been rapidly building up his army, so much so that Katanga with a population of 1.5 million people is now spending nearly \$60 million a year to finance an army of at least 40,000 men, including 500-

1,500 mercenaries and an airforce of 50 planes. These include dive bombers and reconnaissance craft as well as some cast-off jet fighters from South Africa. While these forces place Tshombe in a position to bargain from strength, they also put him in financial straits. Katanga's budget is thought to be \$75 million, about 90 percent of which comes from the Belgian mining complex, *Union Miniere du Haut Katanga*. Indications that Tshombe was feeling the heat were apparent in early November when he suddenly announced heavy taxes to pay for the cost of national security. Intensive business lobbying followed, including threats that the mines would be closed down if the levies were not withdrawn. They were. And the Elisabethville press began to talk about reconciliation with Leopoldville.

The *Union Miniere* stands nominally for the reunification of the Congo. In fact, its executive officer accompanied Spaak to Washington. But the *Union* has always maintained that should it threaten to close down the mines or divert revenues to the Central Government, it would suffer the most terrible reprisals.

The weekend before last, Tshombe began to cast about more wildly than ever. There was talk in London that Katanga was about to join an African Common Market; even discussion of its merging in some manner with Northern Rhodesia where there is a certain tribal affinity. But this seems little more than talk. Tshombe's Katanga is the northernmost redoubt of white supremacy in Africa, supported by the Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Sir Roy Welensky, by the Portuguese in Angola and by Dr. Verwoerd in South Africa. This is a dangerous position for Tshombe, for the Rhodesian Federation is breaking up; Nyasaland is almost sure to secede, and it is likely to be followed shortly by Northern Rhodesia. Kenneth Kaunda, the African who is likely to gain control of Northern Rhodesia from Sir Roy within a year or two, has repeatedly urged Tshombe to take Katanga back into the Congo. Once Kaunda's Northern Rhodesia stands between Tshombe and the friendly whites to the South, his position is likely to become untenable. It is therefore improbable that the British and Belgian stockholders in *Union Miniere* will want to feed his ambitions for very much longer.

## Vietnam Again

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield returned to Washington from Vietnam last week, after another of the three-day visits to which American officials incessantly subject Vietnam. Mansfield was, like so many others, "the President's personal representative," and on his return he reported to the White House. The contents of this report have been closely guarded, but cer-

tain indications suggest at least the possibility of a reappraisal in our Vietnam strategy.

In the first place, Mansfield went out of his way to talk to non-official sources while he was in Vietnam. Perhaps this accounts for his refusal, when leaving, to read the usual Embassy-prepared statement about how "encouraging" he found recent developments in the guerrilla war. Instead, he confined his remarks to personal praise for South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem, a long-time friend whom he described (accurately) as "a man of great integrity, complete honesty and devotion to duty," and (inaccurately) as "one of Asia's great leaders."

It would be absurd to conclude from this that Mansfield urged the President to abandon Diem. But it is just possible that he urged reexamination of our approach to the guerrilla war. Peace and stability in South Vietnam depend today, as always, on North Vietnamese willingness to stop helping the anti-Diem guerrillas. Such willingness might conceivably come from a realization that the guerrilla movement could not succeed militarily, but nothing that has happened in the past year indicates that such a realization is imminent in Hanoi – or that it would be justified. The only other way to change North Vietnamese policy would be to seize the diplomatic as well as the military initiative. This the US has not yet done.

The urgency of some change in policy has been underlined by the success of the recent Chinese adventure in India. For all their economic troubles, the Chinese are quite capable of turning Indochina into "another Korea," at vast diplomatic and human expense to the US. The fact that they have not yet done so offers no assurances for the future. As Chinese strength grows, the chances of intervention will grow correspondingly. Lest anyone think this improbable it is useful to try to see the Vietnamese situation through Chinese eyes.

The Chinese regard the US presence in Vietnam as a threat, and make all the same arguments to support their case that the US makes against the Russian (and Chinese) presence in Cuba. China has a "well-known historic relationship" to Indochina (which like the US relation to Cuba has been one of economic "exploitation" supported by occasional military and political intervention). The Chinese claim that US military and technical advisers in Vietnam constitute "foreign domination," and that Diem is no more than a US puppet. (Those who doubt that the Chinese can believe such an absurdity should remember how often the US acts as though Castro were a Moscow puppet.) The Chinese also claim that the US presence in South Vietnam is in violation of international law, since the 1954 Geneva agreements prohibit the introduction of foreign troops into Vietnam. (The US answers that neither we nor Diem signed the Geneva agreements – but then, neither

the Chinese, the Russians, nor Fidel Castro signed the Monroe Doctrine or the various OAS treaties which the US invokes to justify its activities in the Caribbean.) Finally, the Chinese argue that the US presence maintains an unpopular dictatorship, whereas the Chinese objective is merely to implement the 1954 Geneva Agreements which call for free elections in a unified Vietnam. (These elections were not held because both Diem and his American advisers expected that in a free election Ho Chi Minh, the North Vietnamese premier and hero of the war against the French, would emerge victorious. Even if South Vietnam held separate elections, Diem would probably not win an election in which all parties, including the Viet Cong, were free to put up candidates.)

None of these considerations assure a massive Chinese intervention in Vietnam, any more than they assured US intervention in Cuba. So long as the Chinese depend upon Soviet oil to fight a war beyond their own borders, and so long as they have no nuclear weapons to offset America's, they are likely to be cautious. But neither of these limiting conditions can be expected to continue indefinitely.

The danger of continuing on our present course does not, obviously, justify turning South Vietnam over to Ho Chi Minh. But is this the only alternative to the present war in which the US is so deeply engaged? For more than a year Hanoi has been making sporadic noises about the possibility of a neutral South Vietnam. (Perhaps on the Cambodian model?) Nobody knows whether Hanoi would stop training and supplying the Viet Cong if South Vietnam were neutralized. But it is hard to see what would be lost by diplomatic exploration of such possibilities.

The negotiations might prove only that the North Vietnamese are still intent on annexing the South. They might also prove that the younger generation is tired of war, and that Hanoi would prefer resumption of trade with the rice-rich South, rather than continuing warfare. Peace could be made even more attractive if the US proffered direct aid to Hanoi in the form of farm surpluses – comparable to current programs in Poland and Yugoslavia.

## Heraldic Suggestion – II

Last week in these pages the camelopard was suggested to replace the anemic Republican elephant. On reflection, we wonder if the moth-eaten Democratic donkey ought not also to be consigned to Rock Creek Park. In his place we would suggest the unicorn. As the symbol, totem, trademark, or what you will, of the Democratic Party, the unicorn's qualifications, as the French say, "leap to the eye." First, he is a fabulous beast yet re-

lated to an extant zoological species (*Rhinoceros unicornis*) by the same sort of vague similarities that relate contemporary democracy to the party of Thomas Jefferson. Second, he is unsubdued, completely intractable. It has been stated that the unicorn can be tamed by an immaculate virgin, but as regards the party, that is conjectural since no such character has been associated with it. Third – and this should be conclusive – the unicorn owes his fame mainly to the enormous development of the bony structure of his head.

## Second Childhood

In the fourth quarter of the 19th Century, North Carolina was graced by the presence of a jurist, Judge Greasy Watts, to whom were attributed many dicta unknown to Littleton or Coke but which laymen regarded as sensible. For instance, to Greasy is ascribed the ruling: "Disrespectful conduct in my courtroom I punish as contempt; but I hold it the indefeasible right of every defeated litigant to stand in the middle of the big road and cuss the court."

One may logically infer that it was in the exercise of this right that Sen. Clifford Case (R, N.J.) recently announced – in a statement to the press, not in the Senate chamber – his opinion that the public is losing confidence in the ability of Congress to cope with 20th Century problems. As a minority member following an election in which his party lost Senate seats, Senator Case is in a position analogous to that of a defeated litigant; and in addressing his remarks to reporters, rather than to the Vice President in his official chair, surely the Senator may be regarded, figuratively, as standing in the middle of the big road.

It is impossible to take issue with him, but perhaps a semantic objection may be in order, for it is doubtful that the Senator should have said, "is losing." It is about 80 years since Mark Twain first began a lecture with, "Suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself." And longer since R. E. Lee observed that the ability of Congress (Confederate, in that case) seemed to be restricted to eating peanuts and chewing tobacco while his army starved. Public confidence in the ability of Congress to cope with the problems of any century seems never to have been high, so it is misleading to say that we are losing what we have rarely if ever had.

Generally speaking, the fruitfulness of an inquiry depends upon asking the right question. Perhaps Senator Case's speculation should be turned around, making it a guess not as to how Congress is going to deal with the problems of the 20th Century, but how those problems are likely to deal with Congress.

Government by committee, in common parlance,

parliamentary government, is in a bad way everywhere. In France it has been reduced to an absurdity and replaced by one-man rule; in Germany a revolt against one-man rule has been only partially successful; in Great Britain the government has been reduced to at least temporary impotence, Britain being unable either to enter heartily the Common Market, or heartily to turn elsewhere.

At home the situation is not much better. The late elections certainly did not indicate strong public confidence in either party. If the Democrats enjoy a tactical advantage, it is because the Democratic President has evinced a liking for Farragut's policy: "Damn the torpedoes; full steam ahead!" which more than hints at the popularity of one-man rule, even in this democracy.

Any intelligent effort to find an answer to public disrespect for Congress must begin with an examination of what has already happened. Such an examination, conducted with candor, reveals a common factor of senility, although it is not necessarily chronological. In Germany, for example, it is hard to believe that Adenauer, 30 years ago, would have fallen into the trap of blundering press censorship that has all but wrecked him. In France, on the other hand, de Gaulle, although he is 72, is invincible because his ideas, old as he is, are more modern than those of French politicians decades younger – men who are still rethinking the thoughts of Thiers and Sadi Carnot. In Britain, government seems paralyzed by inability to cope with its economic problems, and this inability, in turn, reflects a set of prejudices deriving from the days of the gold standard, the general strike, and the British Raj.

And at home? Well, the late Congress was stalled for weeks by a dispute over precedence between two ancient gaffers who happened to head important committees; and other chairmanships are held by Southerners some of whom may be, chronologically, in early middle age but whose political philosophy is so ancient that they are inclined to suspect that John C. Calhoun was a dangerous radical.

Institutions entering second childhood are institutions on their way out.

## "There's a White"

*The Washington Post* has for a number of years sponsored the Thanksgiving Day City Schoolboy Football Championship game. The game is played between the public school and parochial school champions, which usually has meant that it was played between a predominantly white and a predominantly Negro team. 1962 was no exception.

At the end of this year's game, however, two or three thousand Negroes showed an unprecedented exuber-

ance. Brandishing sticks and other assorted implements they raced across the field to have a go at the whites sitting together on the other side. (About three quarters of the 50,000 people attending the game were Negroes.) "Get the whites. Get the whites," they cried. Some of the spectators panicked. Others stood around with their mouths open and got clobbered. One man was attending to his four-year-old daughter when a Negro tapped him over the head until he fell down. Other Negroes broke his daughter's ribs. A Negro woman picked up another child by its hair and said, "You white son of a bitch." In small groups the Negroes made their way through the departing spectators looking for whites. "There's a white," they'd yell and run over and beat him up. One white boy did make it into the Anacostia River before a gang caught up. These "scuffles" continued for two hours, during which time the police rather lost track of what was going on, partly because there was so much going on. They finally arrested 14 people. Thirty-two officially suffered injuries, two of them severe enough to require hospitalization. Many others were attended by private physicians.

Few if any of the Negroes doing the beating up were students. They consisted of what is commonly known as the "unruly element," many of them in their teens or early twenties, high school drop-outs, unemployed.

They sat to one side of the cheering section and spent a good part of the game drinking and yelling "kill him" at good Negro tackles.

The *Post's* sports columnist, Bob Addie, took an urbane view of these proceedings, "It must be remembered that some of the college rallies often are more violent. For all of their tradition of dignity and learning Harvard students, for example, have been involved in dozens of battles with the police. You haven't lived until you've been in Harvard Square in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the eve of a Yale game."

On the news page, too, the *Post* played down the riots. Reporters who had been at the scene (one of whom provided the above description) did not write what they had seen. The *Post* even quoted a deputy police chief as saying that he would not call the post-game flare-up a racial incident, though it added that "other officials felt the racial element was involved."

There is no reason to be sanctimonious about the *Post's* reluctance to dramatize the story in all its sordid aspects. Had the story been covered exhaustively, it might have precipitated further racial incidents in the city. Yet until the public sees the full ugliness of the situation into which Washington (and many other cities) have drifted, little is likely to be done to remove the causes of such tension.

## Why Stevenson?

by Gilbert A. Harrison

*"The first of the Seven Deadly Sins is spiritual pride: the sin which assures me that I know and you don't, so that I give myself permission to use any dubious or dishonest means to discredit your opinion."*

— ADLAI STEVENSON, 1952

"Have you read 'the story'?" a reporter asked Pierre Salinger late last Monday afternoon. Salinger smiled, said no, but that it was on his "reading list." A few hours earlier in the White House, the President had told an upset Adlai Stevenson that he too had not read "the story," but from what he had heard, he didn't like it. However, he reminded Stevenson, even the President cannot control what journalists choose to write.

"The story" was, of course, the colorful account in the December 8 *Saturday Evening Post* by Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett of how the decision to blockade Cuba was reached. In a letter accompanying ad-

vance copies of the magazine, the editorial director of Curtis Publishing Company, Clay Blair (a former *Time* man and a specialist in exposes) billed the article as an "exclusive, behind-the-scenes report," of the "hitherto unrevealed role played by UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson during the height of the Cuban crisis . . . [an] authoritative account of top-secret sessions of the National Security Council's Executive Committee."

Only Stevenson, the article said, dissented from the consensus among the President's advisers that had been formed by Saturday, October 20. "There is disagreement in retrospect," they added, "about what Stevenson really wanted. 'Adlai wanted a Munich,' says a non-admiring official who learned of his proposal. 'He wanted to trade the Turkish, Italian and British missile bases for the Cuban bases.'" [Note the word "learned"; the "non-admiring official" did not have personal knowledge of Stevenson's "proposal."] The comment

which best sums up what went on during the five days before the President's blockade speech of October 22, Alsop and Bartlett wrote, was this: "At first we divided into hawks and doves, but by the end a rolling consensus had developed, and except for Adlai, we had all ended up as dawks or hoves."

### *Why the Stir?*

No one — except perhaps Stevenson — would have got too excited about the article were it not that Charles Bartlett is an intimate of the President, his recent weekend guest, and the author of the story that had alerted the "knowing" to the eventual down-grading of Chester Bowles. The article kicked up a storm also because the "knowing" have long been aware of Stevenson's unpopularity with some of the Kennedy crowd ever since the 1960 Democratic convention. He has not been spared their private ridicule. Such remarks as, "Adlai isn't soft on Communism, he's just soft," have been commonplace in Washington.

Moreover, the Alsop and Bartlett piece was not an isolated attack. Last January, Joseph Alsop wrote of "the drive of the UN-minded group of Kennedy policymakers to base American policy more and more upon the UN." He said that this drive "is being made by former Stevenson supporters, and it is increasing. The aim is to increase the already considerable dependence of this country to the majority in the UN General Assembly, and also to substitute resort to the UN for normal diplomatic processes in more and more international crises." (Brother Joe returned to the battle on December 5; he thought he saw "a deep difference in outlook between Ambassador Stevenson and the Administration he serves in Washington.") In a speech before the National Press Club last March 20, Senator Jackson took much the same line, charging that "practices have developed which . . . lead to an undue influence of UN considerations in our national decision making." Jackson inferred that the US delegation to the UN was operating "as a second foreign office." Stevenson tossed that attack off as a "flurry," not a "conspiracy," but Washington reporters read it as a criticism of excessive Stevenson influence on the President of the United States.

The Radical Right naturally has concurred. Senator Goldwater put the point bluntly on November 12 when he called for the dismissal of Stevenson (of whose loyalty he had "no doubt"), because Adlai just doesn't "understand Communism and the modern world"; the President should "rid his Administration of those who have consistently urged a soft policy toward Communism, both in Cuba and elsewhere in the world."

It was inevitable, therefore, that the Alsop-Bartlett account would stir up speculation on whether a "get

Stevenson" movement was really underway.

I don't know how the *Saturday Evening Post* story came to be written. Mr. Salinger has said that "nobody at the White House saw the article before it was printed," but there are reports that the President encouraged Mr. Bartlett to put together a story of the Cuban decision. If so, many official doors would have been opened that might otherwise have been closed to inquiring reporters. It has been denied that the authors had the benefit of consultations with the President during the writing of their story — and the denial is plausible. But it can hardly be denied that they had "inside" help. Throughout, the article bears the imprint of official access. Remarks made by the President at high-level, secret meetings are quoted. The authors describe, though somewhat ambiguously, some of the content of "the famous, still-secret Friday-night letter from Khrushchev to Kennedy."

On Saturday, December 1, three days before the article was scheduled to appear on the newsstands, Mr. Kennedy was informed by his press secretary that *The Washington Post* would be running a story quoting from the article and recalling Mr. Bartlett's somewhat privileged relationship to the President. That news did not please Mr. Kennedy. He was said to be "furious." He promptly instructed one of his aides to reassure Adlai Stevenson. But that aide was about to leave town, and 24 hours later Stevenson still knew nothing of the Alsop-Bartlett piece. But when Stevenson arrived in Washington on Monday, December 3 for a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Security Council, he was shown a statement to be given the press that morning by Pierre Salinger. The statement asserted that Mr. Stevenson had "strongly supported" the blockade action. It made the further, and perhaps central, point that any intrigue that goes after a public official on the basis of what he allegedly said in confidence to the President is pernicious, and added that "the various positions of the members of the National Security Council taken during deliberations must also remain secret in order to permit access by the President to the frankest expression of views."

Stevenson might then have preferred a stronger statement, such as the "fullest confidence" letter he received two days later, in which the President expressed admiration for Stevenson's performance in the UN and in Washington. ("That we have eliminated the nuclear menace from Cuba is the best evidence of the prudence of our policy and its execution, in which you played such an active part." The issue, after all, was not just Adlai's own sensitivity; his prestige at the United Nations was at stake. Still, it was hard to say at what stage the President should have publicly and directly entered the controversy. And anyway, as of that

Monday morning, Mr. Kennedy seemed inclined to think it was all much ado about little and would be forgotten within 48 hours.

Stevenson was less sanguine. He recollected that one of the authors, Stewart Alsop, had written an article in June of 1961, which implied that Stevenson's strong objection to US air support for the Cuban invasion may have contributed to the collapse of that operation. That, so far as the President was concerned on December 3, was water over the dam. What bothered him now was what effect the Alsop-Bartlett account might have on the Administration. As one of the White House staff put it: "This won't do us any good."

Stevenson came away from his brief encounter with the President on Monday not entirely reassured. The President's position was clear. But what of "the others"? Who was trying to "cut him up"? A year ago, though he had had no part in the Bay of Pigs decision, Stevenson had been given information on the basis of which, as Stewart Alsop then reported, he "passionately protested American innocence [before the UN], and even produced a photograph of the plane which had landed in Cuba, showing Cuban Air Force markings (which had, of course, been painted in by the CIA). When he heard, too late, that a State Department underling [some say a White House aide] had been stupid and that the defection story was in fact a lie, Stevenson was understandably furious." Another diplomat might have been less furious, but Stevenson had fought two Presidential campaigns against misrepresentation in high places.

### *What Stevenson Proposed*

Was Stevenson's position misrepresented by Alsop and Bartlett when they wrote that "only Adlai Stevenson, who flew down from New York on Saturday, dissented from the . . . consensus." Stevenson says so, and the evidence appears to back him up. What was this "consensus"? The article is not precise on the question. The authors say that by Saturday, October 20 ("the moment of decision"), "on one point all present agreed. The Soviet missiles had to be removed or destroyed before they were operational." Stevenson was one of those "present." Did he disagree? Presumably not. Then where did he part company with the others?

Elsewhere, Alsop and Bartlett refer to Stevenson entering the picture on Saturday, October 20. Actually, he came in the preceding Tuesday, October 16, when he had lunch with the President and later, in a private talk, was informed by the President of the photographic evidence on the Soviet missile sites. At the President's request, Stevenson stayed in Washington and joined the consultations then under way. On Wednesday, October 17, he suggested that the Presi-

dent dispatch a personal emissary with a note to Khrushchev. That counsel did not prevail. He returned to New York Wednesday evening, but came back again on Friday, October 19 (not Saturday, as Alsop and Bartlett report), where he remained to participate in the weekend discussions. By this time, basic policy had been hammered out.

Stevenson's position throughout was roughly this: he was opposed to an immediate air strike on Cuba or to invasion of the island; while agreeing that action had to be taken promptly to demonstrate that the US meant business, he cautioned against pulling the trigger without being sure what might be set off; and he urged that the reaction of other nations, both in the UN and the Organization of American States, be anticipated and given serious consideration. As subsequent defense showed, this was President Kennedy's view too.

Stevenson did object to a suggestion that the blockade initially apply to petroleum, reasoning that an all-inclusive quarantine might supply Castro with an argument that the US was trying to starve the Cuban people. The President apparently agreed. Stevenson also suggested that such an embargo be used as a second step, if needed, and that a total blockade, if needed as a third step, might follow.

Alsop and Bartlett's informant to the contrary, Stevenson never favored a swap of British, Italian or Turkish missile bases for Cuban ones, though an exchange of bases in Turkey had been suggested by Walter Lippmann earlier that week, and there were more than a few military men who said these bases were of negligible strategic value to the US. What Stevenson actually said was that should Khrushchev demand a base "swap" (as he did in his second, ignored, note of October 27), the US should refuse, but with a reminder that under the general terms of disarmament negotiations foreign bases already had been accepted as something for discussion. And on December 5, Wallace Carroll reported in *The New York Times* that although "the President and his aides discussed the possibility of trading the withdrawal from the American missile bases in Turkey for Soviet withdrawal from the bases in Cuba" and that Stevenson "also suggested such a trade," he later "submitted a written memorandum to the President in which, it is understood, he opposed such a move." In the inner councils that fateful week, before "blockade" had been decided on, Stevenson further stipulated that there should be no further general disarmament talks, including the matter of bases, until the weapons had been removed from Cuba. This too was accepted.

Throughout, Stevenson insisted that Khrushchev be allowed room to climb back off the limb. The "no invasion" pledge — once the limited objective of the

removal of the weapons had been assured – accomplished that, though it bound the US to nothing more than what it is already committed to under the United Nations Charter.

Much had been made of the President's use of John McCloy in the negotiations over Cuba. Was this not a gesture of some lack of confidence in Stevenson, an evidence of Presidential distrust of his Ambassador as the chief negotiator at the United Nations? That is one interpretation, but it is simpler than is warranted by the facts. The President had told Stevenson that he wished to establish an executive committee to coordinate what was being done in State, the Pentagon and the UN. He said that he was naming Ball from State, Gilpatric from Defense and wanted a Republican so that responsibility would be shared between the two political parties in the event that something went wrong. He proposed Herman Phleger, legal adviser at State during the Eisenhower Administration, as the Republican. Stevenson had some doubts about Phleger, whom he did not know, and in a telephone conversation with the President, McCloy's name was mentioned. The President was favorable and asked Stevenson to enlist him, which he did. Stevenson did not then or later feel that his authority to negotiate in the United Nations had been compromised by this "troika" or by McCloy's work in New York.

There is a last point. Initially, the President planned to address the country on Sunday, October 21. Stevenson was among those who thought the speech should be deferred until the following evening, allowing time for OAS Ambassadors to be informed; he advised further that the President should announce his *intention* to order a quarantine, not that one had already been established. The delay proved prudent, and contributed to the unanimous OAS endorsement of Tuesday, October 23.

### *The World's State of Mind*

At bottom, the critics of Stevenson's contribution to the blockade decision – in the White House, State, the Pentagon and CIA – dislike and distrust Stevenson's preoccupation with the world's "image" of the United States. Their word for him is "woolly." They think he is overly concerned with how US action will look to other nations, that he may be too fussy about legal niceties. But all such concerns are appropriate to the US representative to the United Nations. It is a preoccupation the President would expect, indeed require, from his UN Ambassador.

As it turned out, the line of action that was taken succeeded brilliantly. In contrast to the Bay of Pigs (a "hawk" operation), it was a diplomatic triumph for which Stevenson can share credit. The irony of it is

that he has been singled out for censure. In their distinction between "hawks" and "doves," Alsop and Bartlett report that the "hawks" favored an air strike "either with or without warning." Among the "hawks" they list John McCone, Douglas Dillon, Dean Acheson, General Taylor and McGeorge Bundy; while the "doves" who "favored a blockade" included Secretary McNamara, Robert Kennedy ("the leading dove"), Robert Lovett, and the former Ambassador to Russia, Llewellyn Thompson. (They add that it was Thompson, not Stevenson, who "warned that Khrushchev must not suddenly be faced with precipitate action to which he might respond on impulse.")

Why then pick on Stevenson and him alone for having "preferred political negotiation to the alternative of military action"? Why, though he backed the blockade and defended it vigorously at the UN, is he and he alone made to appear as the one adviser who was out-of-step with the President? If the drama required a villain, why not the "hawks" whose first-strike strategy might have triggered general war and whose views were rejected by the President?

There's one good reason. Adlai Stevenson is politically a "soft" target. The President, Secretary McNamara, Robert Lovett, Llewellyn Thompson, Robert Kennedy are not. If Stevenson can be discredited, the counsels of reason and prudence may be discredited too – though they are the counsels the President has adopted. There is no "lobby" to get Adlai out but there are active lobbyists. Kennedy will not fire him ("I'm absolutely sure," says a White House staff man). For one thing, no one can think of an alternative who could match Stevenson's prestige and effectiveness in the UN. The President is reported as having said that if he had wanted to get rid of Stevenson he would not have done it through Charles Bartlett; a more propitious time would have been when Democrats in Illinois were beseeching Stevenson to be their sacrificial lamb in the campaign against Senator Dirksen earlier this year. I believe this report. The distinction between this incident, the President is said to have observed, and the undercutting which preceded Bowles' fall from grace is that the President wishes to keep Stevenson. Anyway, politically speaking, Stevenson is more useful to this Administration inside than he would be out. So much for the practical considerations.

The trying of public men in the public prints is an old story in Washington. No public servant, not even so scrupulous and dedicated man as Adlai Stevenson can escape trial by journalistic insinuation and misrepresentation; and as he said the other day, "I'm used to assassins. I remember McCarthy very well." But more than Stevenson has been hurt. The press, the President, the processes of deliberation within government have been damaged.

# Civil Rights

## *The Kennedy Record*

by Alexander M. Bickel

Asked why he had waited till midway in his term of office to sign a promised executive order barring future discrimination in federally-supported housing, the President replied: "Well, I said I would issue it at the time that I thought it was in the public interest, and now is the time." Now may be a good time also for an assessment of the record the Kennedy Administration has made so far with respect to civil rights.

A portion of this record, it may be said with no attempt at irony, was made in the Presidential campaign of 1960. In the course of this campaign, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Nixon established a firm national consensus, and finally fixed the broad and pervasive principle of the *School Segregation Cases* of 1954 as not only the judicial but also the political policy of the federal government. The campaign established a new mood of executive engagement in the civil rights struggle, and signalled an executive commitment to the morality of equal protection of the laws as a rule of independent, creative political action, rather than merely as an obligation to uphold the courts. As a direct consequence, I believe, some notable peaceful strides have been made in school integration, and will continue to be made. The crisis at "Ole Miss," although it was tragic and although we may conceivably see its like again, was rather an insignificant exception, as in their own context were the Montgomery Freedom Ride riots of the spring of 1961, which were followed by great progress in the peaceful integration of transportation facilities. The point is that since the campaign of 1960, forward movement in integration has been – and has been known to be – as ineluctable as the income tax or the social security system. This was not the case before.

The Presidency, said Mr. Kennedy in 1960, quoting FDR, is "a place of moral leadership." So is a Presidential campaign, at least for the eventual winner, and Mr. Kennedy seized the opportunity in his campaign. Beyond this, he made one specific pledge – the famous "stroke of the pen" about housing – which he may now be thought to have redeemed. But Mr. Kennedy promised also, more generally, a self-starting, expansive discharge of the executive office to the end that what he



has since called "sound public constitutional policy" may be made effective. The performance of the Administration must be judged against the expectations so raised, which have come to seem natural, although they would have appeared strange and visionary during the previous decade.

A first and quite obvious generalization is that the performance has been wholly executive. The Administration has broken no lances in Congress. As to this one need perhaps say no more than that the President is a realist, and that he has troubles enough in what is to all intents and purposes a three-party legislature, with a species of Free Democrats (*à la* West Germany's) holding the balance of power. A second and more interesting generalization, now qualified by the recent housing order, is that the Administration's performance has been heavily a litigating one. With this aspect of the performance I propose now to deal in some detail, before returning to the housing order and to other acts of commission and omission.

Perhaps the most spectacular achievement has been the almost universal desegregation of interstate transportation, including terminal facilities. It isn't very fruitful to debate whether the Administration's action

was a consequence of the freedom rides and sit-ins or an independent initiative. The fact is that in a well-conceived and flawlessly executed move, the Justice Department obtained from the Interstate Commerce Commission a self-enforcing order integrating not only interstate buses but also the terminals they use. The order has evidently worked. Where local officials have tried to interfere, the Department has followed up by obtaining injunctions against them in the federal courts. Segregation on interstate trains had long since been abandoned, and it seems never to have been in effect on planes. But many terminals and airports remained segregated. Pursuing an altogether commendable and lawyer-like general policy that it is worth-while having a try at negotiation before filing suit, the Justice Department obtained the agreement of the chief Southern railroads, 18 in number, to integrate their terminals; and this was done in hundreds of places. Again, where official state interference was attempted, court action followed. As to airports, the problem was somewhat different, being both easier, because federal funds often helped to build the facilities, and harder, because these are often – especially in their restaurants – more of a multi-purpose local institution. Both the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Federal Aviation Agency have exerted pressure, and the Justice Department has negotiated and in a few instances litigated. Results here were perhaps a little slower in coming, but the point has been reached where Attorney General Kennedy could report this fall that “virtually every airport” as well as bus and railroad station throughout the Southern states have been desegregated.

### *Voting*

Since Reconstruction, Congress has legislated twice and only twice on racial discrimination. It has passed the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960. These closely interconnected statutes prescribe procedures for enforcing the Negro's right to vote, which is most explicitly guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment, and charge the Attorney General of the United States with the duty to prosecute the necessary lawsuits. The Eisenhower Administration, though it sponsored both bills, implemented them with about the vigor and imagination displayed by William McKinley in enforcing the Sherman Antitrust Act of 1890. The Kennedy Administration has put life and purpose into the Civil Rights Acts.

The Eisenhower Administration filed six voting suits. It settled one and tried two. The other three had been filed too late to come to trial before Mr. Eisenhower left office. The Civil Rights Division in the Department of Justice, authorized by the 1957 Act, was tardily organized and staffed by a handful of lawyers. Under the new Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Divi-

sion, Burke Marshall, a distinguished Washington lawyer, the legal staff was increased many times, is now nearing 50 and still growing. Collection, storage and retrieval of evidence of discrimination – a massive task involving examination and classification of thousands of records of the registration of whites and the failure to register comparable Negroes – has been systematized so that some of it can be performed by trained clerks. The FBI has been heavily enlisted in gathering testimonial evidence, and its effectiveness has been notable, owing no doubt to the fact that its agents have the confidence of the local whites, no matter what segregationist officials may say. (Ironically – or sadly – enough, the FBI is less successful in interviewing Southern Negroes. But Justice Department attorneys can be used to good purpose here.) The number of voting suits that have been brought stands at 32. When a suit has been successfully concluded, the Department collects compliance reports, and the FBI checks them.

This is a magnificent effort – a tribute to Attorney General Kennedy who supports it and whose ultimate responsibility it is, and to Mr. Marshall and his First Assistant, John Doar, who direct and animate it. And it is bearing fruit. When Senator Lister Hill squeaked through to reelection in Alabama last month by an incredibly narrow margin, it was generally taken to be a signal to Southern politicians that they had better abandon all support of the Kennedy Administration and concentrate on trying to be more reactionary than their new Republican opponents. But Senator Hill carried two counties in which the Justice Department has recently succeeded in registering substantial numbers of Negroes, while losing neighboring counties in which Negro registration is still negligible. Justice Department officials believe that although there may be some panic to the Right among Southerners in Congress, the more perceptive among them realize that their future lies in an opening to the moderate Left. For the reactionary position is conclusively preempted by the likes of Mr. Workman (R, S.C.), Mr. Martin (R, Ala.) and Mr. Cox (R, Tex.), while there will soon be many more counties like Bullock and Macon in Alabama, where Negro voters are beginning to be counted in thousands.

Yet other observers, admiring the moving of mountains, fear the production, in the end, of mice. It isn't merely that litigation, no matter how formidably conducted, is a slow and piecemeal process. Nor is it that the law, legislative and judicial, is inadequate. To be sure, a statute making a sixth-grade education conclusive proof of literacy, such as the Administration proposed but hardly pressed in the last Congress, would expedite litigation. But it could not avoid it. And it would not get at the root problem, which is that you can make sure a qualified Negro will be registered, but you can't qualify him, or make him want to register, or,

once registered, to vote in an election.

In some degree the trouble is affirmative acts of intimidation and discouragement – violence and the threat of it, economic reprisals, and the perverted use of state legal processes in frivolous, harassing prosecutions. The violence and the prosecutions are directed as often as not at members of such organizations as the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, which conducts schools in registration procedures, and at leaders of the Negro community. In two instances, once in Mississippi and more recently in Georgia, the Department of Justice has gone to court for injunctions against intimidation by sheriffs and other officers, and against groundless prosecutions for vagrancy and breach of the peace, aimed at stopping registration drives. Workers of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and like organizations complain, however, that the Department has been laggard in this aspect of its litigating activity. But such suits are nearly as difficult to prepare and frame as the suits that open registration books to begin with, and they are much harder to win. Perhaps the answer is that a concerted attempt to protect registration drives must await completion of the effort to make registration possible, though this is a hard answer for dedicated workers on the scene to swallow. The Department has also sued twice to enjoin economic reprisals, but these are harder to prove and prevent.

Intimidation and reprisals, in any event, may be the relatively minor obstacle to Negro voting. The heart of the matter may be apathy, born of poverty, ignorance and consequent passive alienation. The right to vote, Attorney General Kennedy has said, is basic, “and from it all other rights flow.” This is the hope that informs the Justice Department’s enormous effort, and this is, in part, the justification for slighting other possible initiatives open to executive power, which have, as we shall see, indeed been relatively slighted. But it may be – there is evidence in the North to support this hypothesis – that those who are deprived of other rights tend not to exercise the voting right from which the others flow, even when they are free to do so. It may be, in other words, that the cart has been placed somewhat before the horse. No one of sound mind and worthy intentions would wish to see the marvelous operation that has been mounted in the Justice Department stopped short of full success in making the franchise at least available, whether or not it is used. But perhaps this operation should be regarded less sanguinely. Perhaps it ought to be seen more clearly that its success depends ultimately on simultaneous and equally important efforts in other directions.

One of the most dramatic results of the registration drive up to now has come in Macon County, Alabama, where registration has shot up from a handful to some 2,800. Macon County is the home of the Tuskegee In-

stitute. Other relatively high figures also occur in areas, mostly urban, where Negroes have reasonable employment and education. How are more such areas brought into being, especially in the extremely depressed 100-county Black Belt of the South?

### *Education and Employment*

Economic and technical aid is needed, of course – some sort of Point IV or *Alianza para el Progreso*; and it must not bog down in seeking to abolish segregation, but must pursue its own prior objectives. Yet such aid must at least be administered so as not to perpetuate the existing social system, and it must aim first at elevating the poorest of the poor. Officials of the government’s Distressed Area Redevelopment Program are said to have these ends in view. They are said to be aware of the special needs of the Black Belt, and to be in consultation with Negro leaders and with the Justice Department’s Civil Rights Division. Out of such consultations, it may be presumed, grew a program now in being in Fayette County, Tennessee, a sharecropping area where the Justice Department had to sue to prevent potent economic pressure against Negro registration. The Cabinet committee studying the new project for a domestic Peace Corps is significantly headed by the Attorney General, and it may also be expected, therefore, to have in mind the connection between economic development and political and social rights. But these are comparative bywaters of governmental activity. Programs of a different order of magnitude are needed, as is a major school-aid bill. The Administration may be expected to try again for the latter, but it ought also try to expand area redevelopment programs. In neither instance will it need to raise the racial problem in the Congress.

There are a number of other existing programs, which are perhaps peripheral, though not in the aggregate, and which are not all being exploited with vigor and imagination. An Equal Employment Opportunities Committee, continued from the Eisenhower Administration and now headed by Vice President Johnson, attempts to persuade government contractors, including the large defense contractors, to hire Negroes. This is certainly a step in the direction of ensuring, in a phrase of a California court, that some democracy sticks to funds disbursed by the federal government. Yet other opportunities have too long been – and some are still – missed. Thus the Department of Health, Education and Welfare conducts a program of vocational and technical education, into which, of course, go federal funds. The following paragraphs appeared in a reply, dated April 19, 1962, by the Department’s Office of Education to an inquiry from Mr. Sanford Jay Rosen, then of the Yale Law School, concerning measures, if any, to

foster integrated training for Negroes:

"Vocational programs under the Federal-State cooperative program are administered by the State board for vocational education in each State. Training is available for both Negroes and whites *according to the State and local patterns of school organization.*

"The problem of the Negro insofar as vocational training is concerned has been primarily due to the fact that *in many Negro schools the training has been limited to a few trades in which there were employment opportunities.* With Negroes being denied employment in certain occupations it would have been an obvious waste of school money and disappointing to the Negro to take training and yet not be able to get a job for which he had been trained. With the job opportunities increasing as a result of non-discrimination clauses in defense and other Federal Government contracts and other factors schools are now offering vocational courses in a wider range of occupations for Negroes." (Italics supplied.)

The tone of such a letter speaks for itself – and not in the accents of the campaign of 1960. No doubt lack of Negro skills has impeded the efforts of Vice President Johnson's committee, for whose fruition the Office of Education appeared to be waiting. The policy of HEW in this matter is said to be undergoing change for the better. But there is no indication that making jobs available to Negroes is a concern of the US Employment Service, which supports State employment services, some of which, in turn, labor hard to perpetuate existing job discrimination. Of course, these are problems that will not yield easily. And as we shall see further, the exertion of federal money-pressure must be a subtle and gradual process. But there is some evidence here of a failure of coordinated purpose.

A degree of failure of coordinated purpose is further apparent with respect to the government's commitment to spur the integration, "with all deliberate speed," of public school systems. As long ago as 1959, the Civil Rights Commission (an investigatory body created by the Civil Rights Act of 1957) reported that many school districts attempting to evolve integration plans suffer from having "no established source to which to turn for information and advice." The gathering and active dissemination of such information is a function that ought to be undertaken by HEW's Office of Education. Indeed, the Office's original organic statute, which dates back to Reconstruction, specifically charges it "to collect statistics and facts showing the condition and progress of education in the several States . . . to diffuse such information respecting the organization and man-

agement of schools . . . as shall . . . promote the cause of education throughout the country." The phrase, "throughout the country," might well be emphasized with salutary effect, for the Office could do a great deal not only in teaching the lesson of the growing number of successful experiences in the South, but also in helping to work out techniques for dealing with de facto segregated situations in the North, some of which are beginning to come into litigation (e.g., New Rochelle, N. Y., Chicago, etc.). Given good faith, or a court order, or both, integration is, after all, a skill, a professional task. The federal professionals should be in it up to their necks. Moreover, the development of an accessible body of knowledge on the subject and of proved techniques would also help and speed the process of litigation itself, for judges will readily draw on the views of experts. The shelves are groaning with "How to . . ." books, and the federal government floods the country with them on everything from animal husbandry up and down. Only the educators don't educate.

The Office of Education should also, as its statute commands, "promote the cause of education" by engaging generally and systematically in conciliation and negotiation, with a view to easing and speeding the process of school integration. HEW has cooperated on an *ad hoc* basis with Assistant Attorney General Marshall to bring pressure to bear in the so-called impacted areas surrounding defense installations, where local school systems are heavily supported by federal funds (to help them absorb the children of federal personnel), and where in too many places they nevertheless remain segregated. The federal government may have available the alternative of building its own schools on the military reservations. It is obviously more desirable, however, to support and integrate the local schools. To this end, all else failing, litigation may be necessary, and the Justice Department just two months ago filed the first such suit in Prince George County, Va., the site of Fort Lee. There is some legal question whether the Attorney General has, as the phrase goes, standing to bring such a suit. It may be that private persons must act as plaintiffs. This doubt may account somewhat for the government's relative tardiness in bringing the first action. In the judgment of many lawyers, however, the government's legal position is sound and its chances excellent. It may be hoped, therefore, that more such suits will be brought, and that in some areas the heavy burden of obtaining the first school integration decree will be assumed by the government, rather than left, as usual, to the strained human and financial resources of the Negro community.

It should be added here that in the instances – from Montgomery through New Orleans and St. Helens Parish and Prince Edward County, Va., to Oxford – where the process of integration has boiled up into

crisis, the government has intervened, vigorously and imaginatively, not only with force, but with litigating help in court. It has done so, for the most part, as a friend of court, in suits initially commenced by private parties. This is an activity that was begun on a small scale by the Eisenhower Administration, but was much expanded under this one, and has included appearance in major arguments in the Supreme Court—for example, in the recent sit-in cases. There is respectable opinion that the government may be overdoing this; pushing its friendship for the court, as it were, to oppressive lengths. But since in each crisis, the President might have to discharge his obligation to take care that the laws be faithfully executed, it is not unreasonable for his representatives to go in and assist—by expressing an opinion binding on no one—in the effort to prevent a crisis or to resolve it peaceably. Actually, quite often, the government's friendship is extended to the court at the latter's invitation.

#### *Federal Grants-in-Aid*

It is a commonplace, illustrated by several of the government activities mentioned earlier, that the welfare state is here, and that it is substantially financed by federal money. There should be little doubt that the President has the power—perhaps the obligation, but in any event subject to his political discretion—to take care that federal monies are expended in programs that conform to the Constitution, as the Supreme Court has construed it and as he himself understands it. His ultimate sanction—more expeditious than litigation, but not necessarily exclusive of the latter—is to withhold funds from programs that do not so conform. This is the power that is available with respect to government contractors, vocational training programs, the employment service, and impacted schools. And it is the power that was finally exercised in the recent housing order. Of course, it is a power that is effective prospectively only. If a little democracy is to stick to federal monies *expended in the past*, the adhesion must be established by litigation. Prospectively, therefore, the recent order applies to housing built with federal money or with federally-guaranteed loans. The order is well-conceived, but much remains to be learned about it in the execution. It does not apply to private loans that are not guaranteed by the federal government, although made by banks that benefit from federal insurance of their funds; and it will probably be administered so as not to cover individually-owned homes outside developments. These restrictions are wise initially, for it is in such circumstances that discrimination is most difficult to detect, and enforcement might be more sham than genuine. It is reasonable, therefore, to concentrate federal energies first on what can be more easily achieved. In

this fashion the more difficult problems are rendered soluble. All measures in the civil rights field depend on each other for the effectiveness of each, but each also, within its own segment of the total problem, is habit-forming and has the sure tendency to snowball.

There are, regrettably, a number of federal grant-in-aid programs—in addition to the few already mentioned—as to which neither the power exemplified by the housing order, nor the threat of it has been employed. A highly selective list would include the Hill-Burton hospital construction act of 1946, the Library Services Act of 1956, and a rather remarkable variety of statutes providing aid to universities. The Hill-Burton Act carries a separate-but-equal clause which is as plainly unconstitutional today as the state statutes segregating the schools of Mississippi. The clause has no legal effect on the President's powers. Last May, the Justice Department intervened in a lawsuit in North Carolina to support the demand of Negro plaintiffs that two Greensboro hospitals, which were built in part with Hill-Burton funds, be enjoined from segregating or refusing to accept Negro patients. This has been the Department's only intervention or suit of its kind. And in announcing his action, Attorney General Kennedy took pains to foreswear any use of the executive power to cut off future funds to hospitals that insist on discriminating. Library and—with one discrete exception—university funds also go to institutions that segregate or exclude Negroes.

Justice Department officials argue that it is no simple matter to exert pressure through grants-in-aid, and that the federal government must be wary of cutting off its funds to spite its face. There is a hard-core area in the South, they maintain, where funds would be resolutely refused if the integration string were tied to them. To withhold funds there—where they are often most needed—would be counter-productive; it would hurt the Negro community ultimately, and sometimes hit it hardest immediately. And if funds continue to go to these areas, despite discrimination, how can the federal government threaten to withhold them in the Upper South or on the Border in order to force integration? That would be to put a premium on hard-core resistance. But there are those, not excluding the staff of the Civil Rights Commission, who think—in the words the President used when deprecating alarms that his housing order would stop much new construction—that these “fears have been exaggerated.” Moreover, would not another Presidential dictum, also delivered with reference to the housing order, be applicable: “In any case, it is sound public constitutional policy and we’ve done it”? It might be done again, in different contexts, as carefully and with as much restraint as in the housing order. Only the visionaries object to a wise gradualism. But it isn't visionary to wish to start. One

of the present Administration's proudest boasts – and justly so – is that it has gone out of its way to employ Negroes in the government in other than the customary menial positions. Negroes have also been appointed to high office, including judicial office. All this is as it should be, and since things have scarcely been as they should be in the past, it is admirable. But it may be rather more than offset by certain other judicial appointments in the Fifth Judicial Circuit, which covers most of the Southern area where the racial problem is most acute. There are lawyers, representing private parties in racial cases in the South, who complain bitterly that a number of the new Kennedy appointees, especially among the district judges, are totally out of sympathy with the recent Supreme Court cases on equal protection, and that they show it in their opinions and orders. This is a matter of the first importance, now and in the future, for district judges have life tenure, of course, they ordinarily sit alone, and they have much discretionary power which is not easily subject to review by the Court of Appeals, nor the Supreme Court.

#### *Federal Appointments*

One device available to district judges, which may often defeat the purpose of a litigation and is almost totally beyond control, is simple delay. District Judge J. Robert Elliott, for example, a Kennedy appointee in Georgia, has been employing this device rather noticeably to the disadvantage of the so-called Albany Movement, despite an intervention by the Department of Justice on the side of the Negroes. Other Kennedy appointees seem to have a distinct tendency to exercise all available discretion against Negro plaintiffs or the federal government, to the point even of publishing rather transparently willful opinions. An example, which I cite with precision for purposes of easy reference, is *Anderson v Martin*, 206 F. Supp. 700 (1962). This was a suit attacking the constitutionality of a 1960 Louisiana statute which requires the listing on the ballot of the race of all candidates in both primary and general elections. District Judges E. Gordon West of Baton Rouge and Frank B. Ellis of New Orleans, both Kennedy appointees, held, in the face of persuasive if not strictly binding precedent to the contrary from another Court of Appeals, that the statute was perfectly constitutional, because it merely informed the electorate, and because it was applicable, after all, to every candidate – white, colored or Mongolian. This is the spirit of *Plessy v Ferguson*, not of *Brown v Board of Education*. Said Circuit Judge John Minor Wisdom, an Eisenhower appointee, dissenting: "In the eyes of the Constitution, a man is a man. He is not a white man. He is not an Indian. He is not a Negro. If private persons identify a candidate for public office as a Negro,

they have a right to do so. But it is no part of the business of the State to put a racial stamp on the ballot."

The *Anderson* case has been appealed to the Supreme Court, and it is quite likely to be summarily reversed – at any rate reversed, whether summarily or not. But the attitude displayed by Judges West and Ellis remains disturbing. Is it a fair charge against the Administration that it has appointed men to judicial office who rather plainly disagree with current law on racial matters, and who apparently stand ready to do what they can to give effect to their own contrary views? After all, these judges are acting within the limits of a power that is lawfully theirs, however much one may be convinced that they are acting wrongly and are even abusing their discretion. No Kennedy appointee has gone to the same lengths as one or two others – among them Judge Ben F. Cameron of Mississippi, author of a most remarkable recent tirade – who are on the bench by appointment of prior Presidents. Moreover, judicious philosophies are notoriously unfathomable in advance.

But judgment, though fallible, is possible. There are cases – Judge Elliott is one of them, and so is Judge William H. Cox of Mississippi – where an extra-professional record of actions and associations made prediction more than possible. Justice Department officials say that, of course, the President would not appoint a man who, he had reason to believe, would fail to do his duty; which one may cheerfully grant, whatever it may mean. And they say further that Senators from the state concerned have a virtual veto over appointments to the district courts, and that the choice is therefore not among various possible appointments, but between a semi-permanent vacancy and the one man who can be confirmed. Vacancies are serious, no doubt. However, the Chief Justice of the United States has ample and frequently exercised power to assign judges from other districts, including retired judges, to districts where there is a vacancy. It was such an assigned judge from one of the Dakotas who was sitting in Little Rock at the time of the trouble there. This is a usable counter-pressure to the Senatorial veto. And the South is not devoid of men who will do their judicial duty in an ampler sense than merely by not committing impeachable acts or refusing to follow unavoidable precedents from higher courts. President Eisenhower found a goodly number of them, as did even President Truman, whose judicial appointments are not his greatest claim to enduring renown. And so, to be sure, has President Kennedy – with, however, what appear to be some rather glaring exceptions.

Such are the salient features of the record at midterm. I have tried to render it both in detail and comprehensively. But assuredly I cannot have fully succeeded in both respects.

# BOOKS AND THE ARTS

## *Neither Compromise nor Happiness*

by Irving Howe

In recent years the life of cultivated people has been marked by a fierce attachment to "personal values." I put the phrase in quote marks to point toward something more problematic than the usual web of involvements that appear when human beings live together in society. The condition I have in mind – perhaps new for us, though hardly unprecedented – can be observed in the

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*The Golden Notebook*  
by Doris Lessing  
(Simon & Schuster; \$5.95)

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cosmopolitan centers of the West and increasingly in the more advanced totalitarian countries; indeed, everywhere but in certain underdeveloped nations which are forcing their way into history and therefore are still in the grip of a national mystique or total ideology.

"Personal relations" as the very substance and sufficient end of our existence; "personal relations" as a surrogate for transcendence through religion, fulfillment through work, satisfaction through community; "personal relations" as a fragile shelter for sensitive men, a bulwark against the nihilist void, an ideology of privacy to replace the lapsed ideologies of public action – all this has become a style of life in New York and Moscow, London and Warsaw, accepted by some intellectuals with a tiresome literalness and by others with a skeptical grin. Among ourselves the devotion to "personal relations" seems at times like a malaise eating away at personal life; in the Communist countries it can serve as a rallying call for marginal freedoms. But in both parts of the world, psychological man begins to replace social man.

Hundreds of novels have been written in the last few decades reflecting this concern with "personal relations."

Some are works of distinction, but many suffer from a narrowness of perspective that approaches claustrophobia. Just as Marxist writers will too often apply the corrosive test of the "sociology of knowledge" to everyone but themselves, so the novelists of sensibility too often see no need to question their own assumptions – and understandably, for these assumptions are not merely tokens in a literary game, they form part of a desperate though perhaps noble way of survival. The novelists of sensibility, unlike such of their masters as James and Forster, can seldom see or move beyond the chosen limits of their style of observation. They seldom realize that the values they bring to bear during their close scrutiny of "personal relations" have already been strongly conditioned by their choice of a few kinds of experience to scrutinize.

It is a particular distinction of *The Golden Notebook*, a long and ambitious novel by the gifted English writer Doris Lessing, that while dealing with some of the materials favored by novelists of sensibility, it escapes their constrictions of tone and outlook. Both Miss Lessing and her characters are deeply caught up with the cult of "personal relations," yet she is able to keep some critical distance from her material and to look upon it as merely the latest turn in the confusion of modern history. She yields her sympathies to those of her characters who fall back upon "personal relations" in order to get through their days, but she tries not to settle for the limitations of experience they must accept. She understands that the idea of "personal relations" has been shaped by the catastrophes of our time and, in the form we know it, is not to be taken as an absolute or uncontaminated value.

It is a further distinction of Miss Les-

sing's novel that its action is carried mainly by that rarity in modern fiction: a heroine, Anna Wulf, who is a mature intellectual woman. A writer with a sophisticated mind, sharp tongue and an abundance of emotional troubles, Anna Wulf is sufficiently representative of a certain kind of modern woman to persuade us that her troubles have a relevance beyond their immediate setting; she is also an intelligence keen enough to support the public combativeness and personal introspectiveness that Miss Lessing has given her. At the very least, Anna Wulf is someone who has measured the price for being what she chooses to be – "a free woman," she would say with pride and irony – and who is prepared, no matter how much she groans, to pay it.

Miss Lessing has a voice and a mind of her own. She is radically different from other women writers who have dealt with the problems of their sex, first in that she grasps the connection between Anna Wulf's neuroses and the public disorders of the day, and second in that she has no use either for the quaverings of the feminist writers or the aggressions of those female novelists whose every sentence leads a charge in the war of the sexes. The feminine element in *The Golden Notebook* does not become a self-contained universe of being, as in some of Virginia Woolf's novels, nor is the narrative voice established through minute gradations of the writer's sensibility, as in some of Elizabeth Bowen's. And Miss Lessing is far too serious for those displays of virtuoso bitchiness which are the blood and joy of certain American lady writers.

Anna Wulf and her old friend Molly understand perfectly well that modern women do face crippling difficulties when they choose one or another role of freedom. But they do not fall back upon their charm, wit or headaches; they take their beatings, they ask no quarter, they spin and bear it. They are tough-minded, generous and battered – descriptives one is tempted to apply to

the author herself, formerly close to the English Communist movement and still a lively radical, a woman whose youth in southern Africa had shaken her into a sense of how brutal human beings can become, a novelist who has published extensively and taken the risks of her craft. One feels about Miss Lessing that she works from so complex and copious a fund of experience that among women writers her English predecessors seem pale and her American contemporaries parochial.

At the center of *The Golden Notebook* is a series of remarkable conversations between Anna Wulf and Molly. Meeting in one another's London homes, they talk again and again about "personal relations," but always with a muted irony, an impatience with the very topics they know to concern them most. They are alternately open and guarded, sometimes wounding but usually honest. Simply as precise and nuanced dialogue, this is the best writing in a novel that never stoops to verbal display and is always directed toward

establishing a complete and visible world.

When they discuss their failures in love, their problems as divorced women with children to raise, their disillusionments as former Communists who would still like to needle the Establishment, their inability to talk with the passionless and apolitical young, their contempt for the new gentility of intellectual London, their difficulties in reconciling the image they hold of a self-sufficient human being with the needs they feel as anything but self-sufficient women – when these conversations between Anna and Molly recur throughout the book, one turns to them with the delight of encountering something real and fresh. My own curiosity, as a masculine outsider, was enormous, for here, I felt, was the way intellectual women really talk to one another when they feel free and unobserved. It makes the Bloomsbury writers seem a little quaint.

Though their interest in politics has lessened, both Anna and Molly feel themselves to be voices of a baffled

generation, those people who gave their youth to radicalism and ended not knowing how to live. This could be, it so often has been, a sticky self-pitying kind of subject; but not in *The Golden Notebook*, for it is a virtue of these deeply interesting women that even while suffering neurotic torments they can still regard themselves as objects of laughter. And also, as figures of hope. History, they feel, has left them stranded, but on the beaches of disillusion there must still be other stranded ones, there must be men of strength, to help them.

For both women remain interested in men with a curiosity that is almost archaeological: as if there were so few good ones left that it is necessary to hunt for them amid the ruins. Both Anna and Molly, in a wry and pleasing way, are frank about their sexuality; both are ready to have affairs when their emotions are stirred. Yet, as they feel it, men somehow "fail" them. Their men do not "come through," and the more pliant they seem, the less dependable they prove. All this serves as a subject for jokes between Anna and Molly, but jokes with an edge of desperation.

In temperament the two women are sharply different: Anna morose and burrowing, Molly cheerful and extrovert; but they share problems, needs, failures. Both try hard to preserve their independence, which means not a refusal of relationships but a hard decision not to delude themselves when they do take up with second-raters and even more, a strict watch, mostly within themselves, against the mediocre, the resigned, the merely comfortable. At the end Molly does give in to a marriage of convenience, though with a characteristic quip: "There's nothing like knowing the exact dimensions of the bed you're going to fit yourself into." Anna, reduced to hysteria by a disastrous affair with an egomaniacal American writer, still keeps pushing ahead, deciding to go into Labour Party work and – a nice touch of irony – to take a job as a marriage counsellor ("I'm very good at other people's marriages.") She remains loyal to that refusal to compromise which had bound the two women in friendship.

Refusal to compromise with what? It is not easy to say, since the answer de-

## A Madrigal, to Winter

Autumn, fetch your gilded hearse,  
For you are done, so down you lie,  
While I'll recite your coffin-verse  
And launch you to eternity.

Go, go, your pomps  
And sullen lamps  
And all the burnt wicks of your smoky sky:  
Your dappled apples are downblown  
Past all retrieving.

So sigh;  
Your butterflies are butterflown  
And all your leaves are leaving.

Winter, when that bier is carried,  
Seize the bare branch by the way;  
Peel your wand and steal unhurried,  
Wave to lock the liquid spray.

Come, come, your plume  
And nodding loom  
That weaves the worldsheets of the snow's array.  
Your rank unpity clears the head  
And leaves it thinking:  
All day  
Your dark St. Lucy lies abed  
And keeps our tapers winking.

HILARY CORKE

pendes at least as much upon Anna's visceral reactions as her conscious ideas. Miss Lessing, with the patience of a true novelist, keeps returning to the problem, not explicitly but through a series of narrative variations. Sick as Anna is, trapped as she often finds herself in a pit of anxiety, she still commands a burning sense of the possibilities of life. That this very restlessness of hers may itself be a function of neurosis, she also knows; for she has undergone the inevitable analytic bout, with a spiderish lady doctor she calls "Mother Sugar."

Yet she clings to her saving difference. She demands from her men the completion of her being. She demands that they provide those elements of strength and assurance which she, as a woman, cannot. She wants in her men both intimacy and power, closeness and self-sufficiency, hereness and thereness. Modernist in sensibility, she is traditional in her desires. And no matter what she must settle for at a given moment, she does not delude herself; she will not compromise with the idea of compromise. Her demands upon life are utterly impossible, completely unreasonable, beyond the soothing of therapy; and not to be dismissed.

Anna is the kind of woman who would send D. H. Lawrence into a sputter of rage: so much the worse for him. To be sure, many of the complaints he might make of her would be accurate. She whines, she is a bit of a drag, she often drives her men crazy. She does not inquire closely enough as to her own responsibility for the failures of her men or why she seems so gifted at picking losers. In her steady groaning about her writer's block, she does not ask herself whether it is caused by a deep contempt for the whole idea of the intellectual life—like many women of her sort, she has fitful passions for cooking and domesticity—or whether it is caused by overweening ambition—at times one suspects her of wanting to write a novel as good as *The Golden Notebook*. More can be said against her. Indeed, she is open to almost every judgment except that of having died before her death.

In its structure *The Golden Notebook* is original but not entirely successful. Miss Lessing has wanted to show the

relation between Anna's past and her present, as well as between both of these and her fantasies, but she has wanted to show them not simply through the usual juxtaposition of narrative strands which might, for her purposes, lack tension and the effect of simultaneity. She therefore hit upon the ingenious device of carrying her narrative line forward in the present while inserting long excerpts from several notebooks Anna keeps, each a different color and representing a distinct part of her life. The advantage of this scheme is that Miss Lessing can isolate the main elements of Anna's experience with a sharpness that might not be possible in a traditional kind of novel; the disadvantage, that she has had to force large chunks of narrative into a discursive context.

In a black notebook Anna returns to her youth, sketching a group of English radicals astray in a provisional African town and preying on each other's nerves. This is the least vivid section of the book, and one that does not justify the length given it. In a red notebook Anna looks back upon her political life, drawing a number of amusing vignettes of left-wing intellectual circles in the London of the fifties. In a yellow notebook she writes a fictional version of her own experience, focusing on a love affair which has, in the narrative present, already reached its end. And in a blue notebook she keeps an objective record of her daily life, which comes to a brilliant climax in a detailed account of a single day. Bit by bit she builds up the mosaic of her anxiety: how she must face early in the morning the conflicting needs of her lively child and sleepy lover; how she copes with the irritations of work in a fellow-travelling publishing house; how she gives way to the compulsion of repeatedly washing her body for fear that her period causes her to have a bad smell; how she returns home at night to the nagging of her thoughts.

Finally there comes the golden notebook which is to record the reintegration of the various Annas who appear in the other notebooks. But as the love affair on which she stakes her hopes begins to crumble, the golden notebook turns into a record of collapse, and in pages of nightmarish power



## Her eyes tell you why . . .

Perceptive, intelligent, serious—so eager to learn. A little love and a little help would make a big difference in the life of the American Indian child.

For Cecilia Bright Eagle's parents are very poor. They have no money with which to replace her shabby clothing, to buy her personal books, or give her a cash allowance and other things she needs so much to attend the off-reservation school. So, when her non-Indian classmates gather to share some exciting little girl secret, or talk of a class-party or trip, Cecilia goes off by herself to hope, to dream, that one day she might share such fun and feel like one of them.

You, your school, your organization can help make a dream come true for Cecilia, or some other Indian girl or boy. Just a \$10 monthly contribution provides one Indian child with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance for school activities. It is an act of love that will bring you a heart-warming reward. A photograph, the story and letters from the child you help will start off a warm person-to-person relationship. Please give one Indian youngster an even break—and the sense of belonging to the wider world around him.

# SCF

Save The Children Federation, Norwalk, Conn.

I wish to contribute \$120.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐ Enclosed is my first payment.

\$10.00 a month ☐ \$ 60.00 semi-annually ☐  
\$30.00 a quarter ☐ \$120.00 annually ☐

I cannot sponsor a child. Enclosed is contribution of \$ .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Contributions are income tax deductible.

NR 12-8-2

Anna is shown entering a psychotic episode, locking herself into her bedroom where she pastes alarming newspaper items on the walls and slowly tastes the progress from despair, in which she abandons herself to the vividness of remembering what she has lost, to desolation, in which the image of loss becomes dim but the pain, feeding on itself, lives on.

Doris Lessing is a natural writer: she has the prime novelistic gift of involving one so deeply in the desires and frustrations of her characters that one reads with a positive yearning to spend more time with them. Some of her failures, however, I found disturbing. The cumbersome structure of the novel allows for a rich interweaving of complexities but does not fully encourage the free flow of emotion which her story demands. She writes about Americans with the astigmatism peculiar to certain English leftists: she has no ear for American speech nor eye for

American manners. More important, at the end of the book she fails to keep a sufficient distance from her heroine, so that Anna's hysteria comes dangerously close to taking over the narrative. Perhaps Miss Lessing faced an insoluble problem at this point: she achieves enormous intensity through surrendering herself to Anna's suffering, but the price she pays is a loss of the critical objectivity she had maintained in earlier pages. It is a feat of evocation, but not matched by steadiness of control.

By any final reckoning *The Golden Notebook* is a work of high seriousness. That I have omitted to mention important characters and elements of plot hardly matters, for this novel will be discussed repeatedly in the years to come. It is the most absorbing and exciting piece of new fiction I have read in a decade: it moves with the beat of our time, and it is true.

## A Long Look at India

by Charles Burton Marshall

A far-away border crisis almost invariably provides occasion for unconvincing newsphotos purporting to show feminine volunteers in native costume at military drill. A recent one from Tezpur of a girl platoon weighted down with obsolete Lee-Enfields had a look of exceptional authenticity. Perhaps also it was symbolic. India's response to now-manifest dangers from the north

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*Portrait of India*  
by Bradford Smith  
(Lippincott; \$5.95)

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might prove correspondingly intent, romantic, and naïve, and the burden undertaken might prove incommensurate at once to capacity and need.

India's present plight puts a premium on good books about that land and its people. Bradford Smith's *Portrait of India* qualifies as such a book – despite obvious defects.

The virtues are manifest when Smith, combining seriousness with wit, focuses on immediate matters. The writing turns soupy when he tries for profun-

dity about big things like the sweep of history and the world scene.

He is subject to reproof in quoting approvingly a Ford Foundation man's description of America as "bitten by a Communist psychosis" and, in words of his own, ascribing "a national paranoia" to his country. Nothing to substantiate the point is adduced. Neither man's professional warrant thus to apply technical terms regarding mental diseases is demonstrated. Attempts to pre-empt argument by wholesale invidiousness ill become an author.

His treatment of Indian foreign policy is likewise mostly at a level of cliché. The celebration of Indians' "avowed belief in nonmilitary solutions" was soon overtaken by events. At several points Smith approaches clarity with respect to the indifferentist element in Indian neutralism, but again, obscuring distinctions between neutralism and neutrality, he likens the Indian outlook to US policy in the times of avoidance of entangling alliances (a phrase ascribed erroneously to Washington).

The book is a dialogue between hope

for India's, prospering in new ways and fears over India's addiction to old distortions. Smith likes to keep the sunny side up and almost, but not quite, succeeds in convincing himself that everything will turn out right. "So India, dreaming a world as yet unborn, is wakening into new and vigorous life," he says in conclusion, only a page after taking note of "a feeling that all the fine plans have failed to bring results" and that the "grand reform necessary to end poverty, illiteracy and disease has somehow failed to materialize."

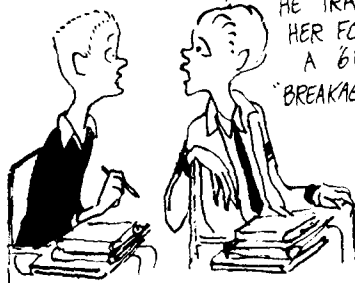
He calls India's "commitment to . . . freedom, democracy, representative government, due process and all the rest . . . so evident that it should not be necessary to argue the point." This comes 21 pages after the following: "But what of the inescapable birthright which pins every man to his caste, his religion, his ethnic group, and thus often to occupation, to privileged employment, or to unavoidable servitude? Again comes the point: democracy is really impossible without voluntarism. You cannot have it in a hereditary society. For in a hereditary society a man is not free to choose and to develop according to his individual merits. Moreover, the ethical system specifies only personal loyalties – not the public loyalty to all, the obligation to pay taxes, to give time and money for the benefit of other countrymen you will never see or know."

The account of joys, puzzles, and exasperations – if one of Smith's persuasion may properly be said ever to become exasperated – of three years spent as director of a Quaker center in Delhi has in it much of the usual chat about astrologers, holy men, eccentric servants, curbstome barbers, serpent charmers, and guests who fail to show after accepting or show after failing to accept. Always looking for the bright side, he repeatedly calls Nehru handsome, asserts a taste for Indian music, and almost takes Hindu spirituality at face value. I say "almost" because he also rallies himself to cry "Rubbish!" at what he aptly describes as "a verbal concern for the nonmaterial aspects of life" and to take Indians to task for too often confusing spirituality with lack of rigor in distinguishing between concepts and facts. He is ap-

# JULES FEIFFER

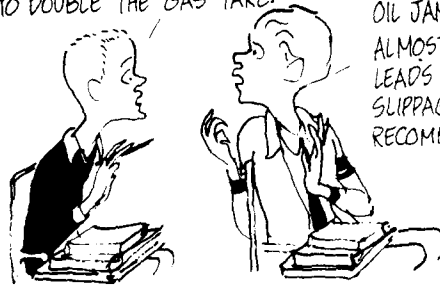
WHAT DO YOU THINK IS BETTER - THE '62 OR THE '63 "CORPUS"?

DAD HAD A '62, BUT THE CAM SHAFT KEPT LOSING FLUID, WHICH AFFECTED HIS TURNOVER. RATHER THAN REORIENT, HE TRADED HER FOR A '61 "BREAKAGE."



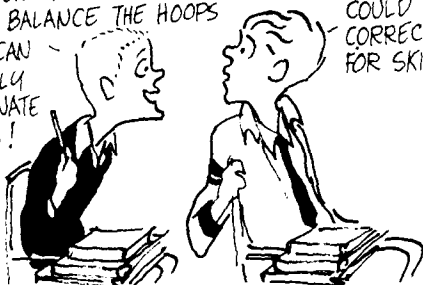
MY DAD HAD A '62 "BREAKAGE" WHERE THEY FILED DOWN THE HEAD POINTS AND REWIRED THE VALVE SLAB IN ORDER TO DOUBLE THE GAS TAKE.

SURE, BUT THEN YOU HAVE TO COMPENSATE THE FRACTION-LOSS BY RERIGGING THE OIL JAM. AND THAT ALMOST ALWAYS LEADS TO FLOTSAM SLIPPAGE. I DON'T RECOMMEND IT.



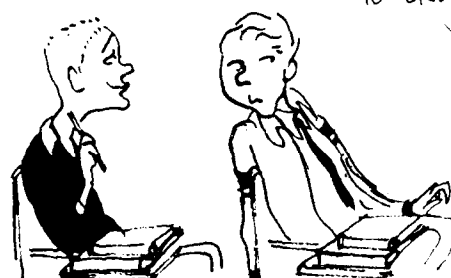
WHAT I'D LOVE TO DRIVE IS THE "AMBULATORY 8". LIKE PEOPLE SAY, IT'S A LEMON. BUT IF YOU SHORTEN THE QUARTER RODS AND VALE BALANCE THE HOOPS YOU CAN TOTALLY ELIMINATE SKIM!

NO KIDDING? I NEVER KNEW YOU COULD CORRECT FOR SKIM.

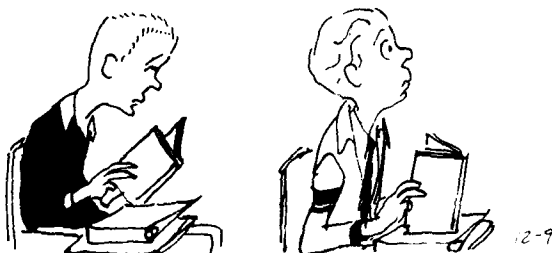


WELL, MORT, THAT'S WHAT SCHOOLS FOR. YOU LEARN SOMETHING EVERY DAY.

WILL THE CLASS PLEASE COME TO ORDER.



MORTON, WILL YOU PLEASE READ TODAY'S ENGLISH ASSIGNMENT?



"LOOK-AT- DICK. DICK-HAS-THEE-BALL. TOM-WANTS-THEE-BALL. RUN-DICK-RUN."



The Hall Syndicate, Inc.

palled by corruption – as rife as spirituality – but lets the sunshine in with a thought that a lot of good is getting done notwithstanding.

He excels when he whacks away with un-Quakerish asperity at India's civil service. For this, I applaud. Many a writer has reflected that service's self-appreciation – as others have with respect to Pakistan's counterpart – and echoed the chatter about its being the steel frame of government. Not Smith. For him, the apt metaphor would be an iron vice – irksome, obdurate, inertial, and self-perpetuating.

"The need today," he observes, "is for administrators . . . oriented toward social and economic progress rather than toward law and order only." Instead, the service operates "on the British idea that every man can do any job." It recruits from "the brightest young men" among university graduates from "the general course of studies most likely to help them pass the civil service examinations." Once recruited,

"they succeed chiefly by not sticking their necks out." An old guard blocks strong managerial leadership. Government offices teem with "people who know nothing about practical work, who produce nothing but piles of useless paper." Bureaucrats ignorant about steel try to run steel mills. Others lacking any grasp of architecture prescribe building standards. Smith quotes a harried architect: "Someone in the University Grants Commission promulgated an asinine order defining the size of windows and balconies for university libraries. What windows? What balconies? Maybe we don't need any. Everytime I start a job, I spend days battling such orders. . . ."

By analogy, such discourse gives light as to what must be overcome if India is to develop cogent military capability, just as Smith's critical remarks about confusion between concepts and facts gives a clue to the way in which India has been overtaken by surprises in external affairs.

where they lived, what they ate and drank and how they amused themselves. In the process, *Punch* uncovered and classified rafts of Britons unknown to and unknowing of *The Times* and christened them Pop People, as in Vox Pop. Needless to say, what Pop People look at for pictures is Pop Art and the same now applies to American blow-ups of panels from comic strips – with or without speech balloons – and of advertisements, especially the direct presentation of the product in its package. Lost in the mists of last year sometime are the connections between Pop Art in the sense of comic strips copied large and the evolution of "happenings" into plaster models of cupcakes and hot-dogs. The plaster models have now transmigrated into paintings of themselves and are often considered a branch of Pop Art. Claes Oldenburg, one of the original Happeneurs, has created a hamburger as big as a whale. As you might expect, the rapidly developing theology for all this is pegged on nausea induced by the nauseating hotdogs and advertisements of the day, which is about as profound a critical performance as that reading of *Lolita* which saw the book as an exposé of French fried potatoes.

Profound or not, Pop Art is hot art and so is its theology (Pop Crit?) for the best of reasons, namely the merchandising apparatus (the Janis Gallery) which has taken it up. Even so, one may doubt its chances. The inner contradictions are enormous. As merchandising, the problem is to sell anti-admass pix to, essentially, the Top People who make their livings off both ad-mass and masscult. You are asking the customers either for conscious cynicism – all but an impossibility in the admass world – or for a mending of their ways, in which case they no longer have the funds to buy Pop Art. As aesthetics, the problem is that you are dealing with extremely thin stuff; when you've said you're nauseated by the nauseating, that's all there is. If you have cultivated a genuine taste for this kind of aesthetic nausea, that taste is much better served by the original articles than it is by painted imitations, as witness the popularity of Vincent Price movies. Finally, as social protest, Pop Art is ridiculous; this aspect was all done decades ago, and with lots more

## ART

### Next: Flop Art?

A cloud no bigger than a man's hand, although differently shaped, looms on the horizon of American art. Odd pictures turn up in minor group shows, and even more in wide open community shows held on village greens or in old public squares of larger towns. Once in a while there is a one-man show in a not particularly impressive gallery in New York or elsewhere. Entries under this particular cloud have been steadily increasing in the experience of those national exhibitions to which anyone may submit. It has been called "the new pornography"; I think this name inaccurate, but if a new vogue is to move into the power vacuum created by the loss of the abstract expressionist steam, sex in art has, I believe, a better chance than most recently presented candidates. Better, for example, than the earliest of such candidates, "happenings," which has now been led over the hill by Time.

"Happenings" were the victim of eco-

nomics as much as anything else. You can't buy them, take them home and hang them up on the wall. You can only attend them, as you do the theater, and the theater is well enough supplied with its own advance forms, or no-forms, not to need help from a low-budget Luna Park fun-house presented as a development of the plastic arts. If, as has been alleged of the leading collectors of American contemporary art, you are out to buy a piece of current art history and thus a raffle ticket on your own immortality, you can't do it at an evening of charades.

Then, for a time, it seemed as if "Flop Art" might be the hottest new thing. The name seems to derive from an advertising campaign for the London paper a few years back, "Top People Read *The Times*." *Punch*, intuitively aware that a lot of people didn't, launched a series of its own devoted to the systematic exploration of what those others read and, ultimately, to

style and wit, by Salvador Dali, as in his famous love-seat which was also the lips of Mae West. We are free to believe that Pop Art will last about one season, the present one. We are then free, and perhaps even obliged, to cast about for what may come next.

What may very well come next is the return of sex to art. Taking the name from the attitude of most of the female figures presented, this new brand may be called Flop Art. It has been showing up in increasing numbers and it seems likely that by next spring it will have some of the panoply of a full-fledged movement, dealers of its own, critical advocacy, color spreads in *Life* magazine and possibly the announcement of a Museum of Modern Art exhibition to be held in two years, "Recent American Painting: Sex."

I recently surveyed a good bit of Flop Art in the slides of pictures submitted for the Corcoran's Biennial show in Washington, coming up in January. That most of these entries were rejected only increases the probability that the Floppers are on to something good. The pictures were not the kind I'd care to hang on my wall, but I can understand the appeal of the ideas to the painters. Here are some anonymous examples:

In very rough painting, we look over the shoulder of a nude male to a nude female flopped upon a mattress with her arms and legs wide open and a smile on her face. The details of the pudendum, as in most of this painting, are meticulously presented.

Same picture, take away the man, switch the woman from northwest to northeast. This basic view, in fact, appeared several times and from widely scattered parts of the country.

The second broad, so to speak, classification presents a couple celebrating the rites of Priapus, but schematized, somewhat in the manner of those exploded drawings of complicated machinery though not as smoothly done. In one such example we are looking straight down on a supine couple, incredibly, with their heads at twelve and six o'clock respectively. Regardless of difficulties in actual performance, this posture is chosen, apparently, for its advantage, again, in making visible the details of actual connection.

The third degree in Flop Art closes in

still further and we are confronted with biological drawings of erectors and receptors that at first recall, startlingly, your grandmother's Paisley shawl.

It should be noted that nothing here deals with the material in the witty fashion of Miro's wriggling spermatozoa and positive-and-negative breasts. Everything is in deadly earnest. Also, it is hard to believe the Floppers are merely out to shock, using old reliable sex now that everything else – slicing canvas, pouring paint – has worn itself out. There is great sincerity in these pictures. The painters are obviously painting what they consider the highest value and they are doing so almost purely in terms of self-realization, not in terms of exploitation of the spectator's average sensual reactions. By contrast, Boucher, for instance, is clearly enchanted with Miss O'Murphy's round, tight bottom, but he is also professionally committed to spreading the enchantment around you, spectator, as

you look. The Floppers have no such professional commitment. Flop Art, therefore, is not the new pornography at all, but only the new sincerity. Its practitioners are as sincerely dedicated to the details of the feminine anatomy and to action therewith as any Action Painter ever was to the mucous or trajectorial possibilities of stove enamel.

With the coming of Flop Art we may have enough points to plot a curve of the last decade or so. The rising line would start with the finger-paint aspects of Action Painting, equivalent in the human being to the pre-school period; then the plaster models of food, the play-acting of Happenings, and the comic strips and ads of Pop Art carry us through the growing child's interests in playing house and reading; along the same line Flop Art can be placed as the late adolescent total preoccupation with generalized sex. In short, if we can get through Flop Art, American painting may yet recover its maturity.

FRANK GETLEIN

## MOVIES

### *A Bouquet from Western Europe*

Those who remember the fine Italian films *Bread, Love, and Dreams* and its sequel (known here as *Frisky*) may have wondered what their director, Luigi Comencini, has done since then. Part of the answer is *Everybody Go Home!* another exceptional film and, like those two, intensely Italian. That is, love and pitiless understanding of

*Everybody Go Home!* (Davis-Royal)  
*Candide* (Union)

*The Long Absence* (Hakim)  
*Sundays and Cybele* (Davis-Royal)

Italians fill it: impatience with their stupidities, amusement at their humor, pride in their wit, sorrow at their sufferings, embarrassment at their cowardice, compassion for their heroism. To be Italian, Comencini implies, is to keep an eye out for other Italians, both in admiration and caution.

His film, of which he is co-author, tells of a young lieutenant in 1943 when

Badoglio's government surrenders. He has been fighting the Allies and now finds himself attacked by Germans and hard-core Italian Fascists; eventually he joins the partisans to fight the new enemies. As the Italian soldiers light out for home after the surrender, the lieutenant tries to retreat with dignity, then finds himself running; at last he is compelled – by the very Italian-ness that so often saved his skin – to stand

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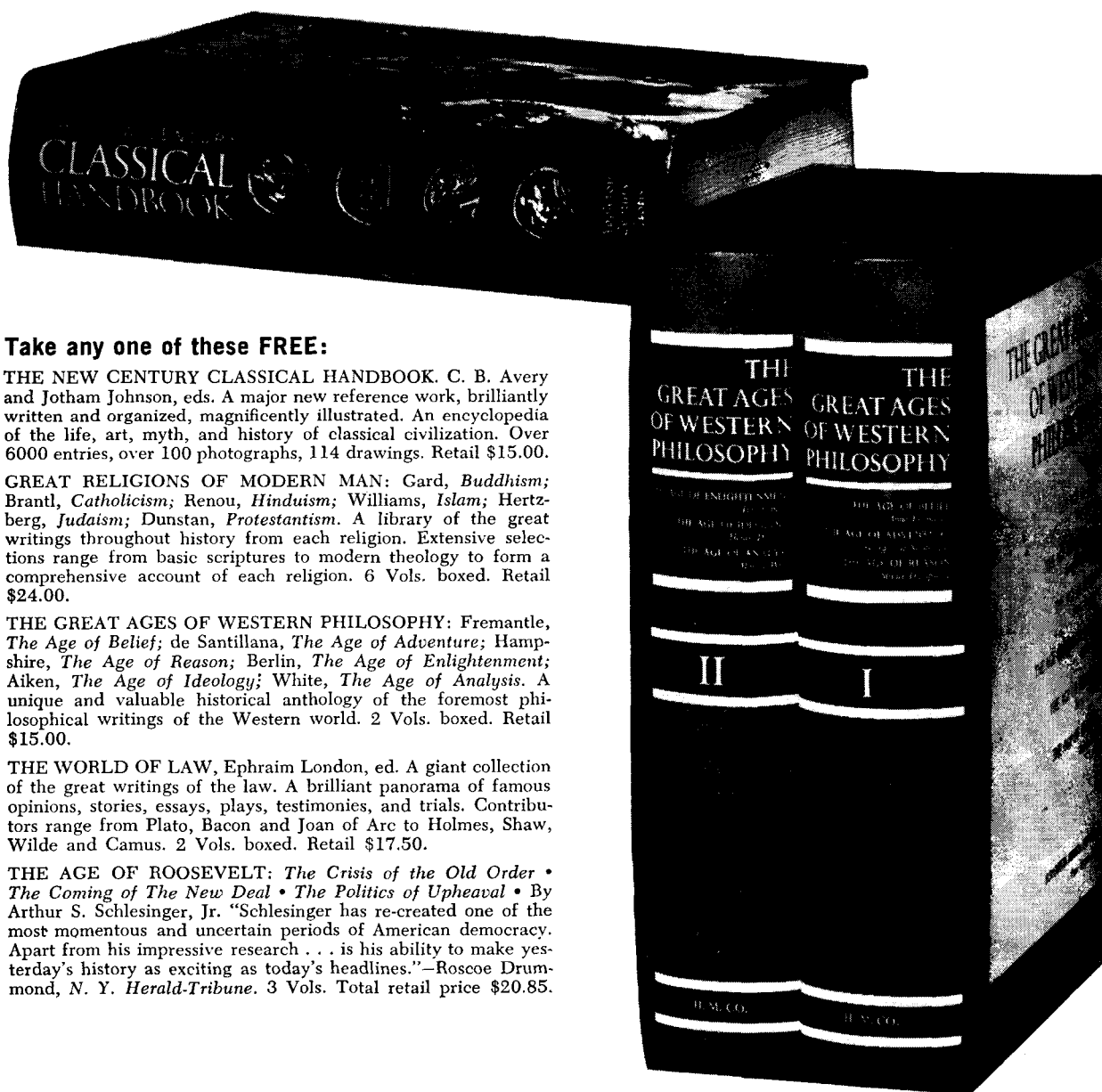
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and fight. His odyssey is a compendium of the ridiculous and horrible conditions of the time—a kind of male, military counterpart of Sophia Loren's role in *Two Women*.

The part is played flawlessly by Alberto Sordi: with enough lubricity to let us know that the character is being satirized but not so much that he and his director assume righteous superiority. The difference in honesties between this character and Sordi's somewhat similar part in *The Best of Enemies* is a small lesson in the difference between art and art-derivatives for mass consumption. A strange piece of casting is the use of Martin Balsam, an American, as a veteran sergeant. Balsam mimes it well and mouths the lines that someone else dubbed; but why? Where, for example, was Folco Lulli?

Comencini resembles De Sica in that he is not highly "filmic." He is not interested in cinematic style, like Antonioni, nor even in cinematic effects, like Fellini. His chief gift consists in making his camera unnoticed: in telling his story straightforwardly and fluently. There is something pleasantly old-fashioned about this film. Like many good pictures of the thirties, it resembles a leisurely novel; it seems to ramble like a stream investigating every contour of the shore. (Even the photography is as unsubtle as in many good films of the thirties; all skies—even on sunny days—are grayish white.) Comencini appears simply to be saying, "Sit down for a while and let me tell you about some Italians"; but beneath this seeming casualness, he is making every moment count, is giving every scene its point. The result is startlingly candid, wry and affecting.

A modernized version of *Candide* tries to do for France and other countries what Comencini has done for Italy, with a more fantastic touch and ostentation of art. But Norbert Carbonnaux, who wrote and directed, selects only

clichés to satirize (French military fogies, Latin-American political assassination) and does it in a way that not only draws constant attention to his attempts at cleverness but that makes us feel he has little to say. He is neither very angry nor very amused. Jean-Pierre Cassel (*Candide*), the Harlequin of our day, charms when he gets the chance. Pierre Brasseur (*Pangloss*), excellent actor that he has been, now relies too much on his *vin-voice* and *bière-belly*.

Two other French films over-extend their material but are remarkable in varying ways. *The Long Absence* is about a woman whose husband has been missing since he was taken to Germany in the middle of the war. One day a tramp passes her café on the outskirts of Paris, and she believes him to be her lost husband. She learns that the man is an amnesiac—shy and fearful. In a few days she arranges for him to come into her bar for a drink where he can be observed by two people who also knew her husband; but they cannot be sure that this is the man. Then she invites him to dinner *tête-à-tête* and tries to draw him out, to re-connect him with his past and with her. He senses what she wants and he tries too, but his mind cannot obey. The scene in which these two are dancing to one of those wistful French tunes and her fingers suddenly touch a jagged scar on the back of his head, a scene in which these two who were once married are now strangers in each other's arms because of the monstrosity of men, is highly moving in the best of theatrical ways.

The film is too long before it gets to these scenes—with dragged sequences in which the woman trails the man to his shack on the river and to the public dump where he collects scrap paper. And the story is essentially wrongly based: the problem is medical, not metaphysical or emotional. The man has had a brain injury, not a spiritual fading-away. What is really needed is a doctor. The wife's Penelope-like patience at the end makes no more sense than expecting patience alone—without splints—to cure a broken leg. But the two long encounters have been well directed by Henri Colpi. Alida Valli, the wife, glows with tender

strength. Georges Wilson gives an extraordinarily delicate performance as the mentally incompetent man: full of quiet fears, withdrawals, small venturings and recognitions: beautifully suggesting the man who is imprisoned behind the veils of his injured mind.

A 12-year-old girl named Patricia Gozzi gives a performance of unusual depth and range in *Sundays and Cybele*, another film about an amnesiac man. He is a young ex-pilot who lost his memory in a plane crash and now lives with his ex-nurse in a French town. He becomes friendly with the child, who has been abandoned by her father at the local orphanage, and he takes her for walks every Sunday. In the course of their Sundays together the child and the man regain confidence in life and in themselves; but word of their friendship gets around, his motives are misinterpreted, and it ends unhappily.

This slender story, although it is stretched and padded, might have had considerable poignancy. But the pair's walks around lakes and through woods are done with some self-consciousness about their lyric quality and with insufficient originality and invention. Once the tone of these scenes has been established, we know what the scenes "stand for" and simply wait for them to finish. This is partly the fault of Serge Bourguignon (whose first feature film this is), but it is equally the fault of Hardy Kruger, who plays the man. I have always thought Kruger something of a lump, but here he reaches new depths of doltish impassivity. When his mistress tells him how madly she loves him, I had the feeling that they had photographed her rehearsals with a stand-in.

Bourguignon also shows a weakness for shooting scenes through shutters and keyholes and in rear-view mirrors of moving cars, all for no intrinsic reason. But the performance he evoked from young Miss Gozzi and the style of some of the picture show that he has ability. If he can rid himself of his weakness for trickery and, in future films, can justify each scene as poetic or passionate or whatever instead of merely hanging a figurative label on it, he may become a genuinely good director.

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Beethoven: Piano Sonatas Op. 31 Nos. 2 and 3; Haskil (Epic). *Fidelio*; Klemperer with Christa Ludwig, Vickers, Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus (Angel).

Chopin: Sonatas Opp. 35 and 58; Rubinstein (Victor). Concerto No. 1; Rubinstein (Victor). Polonaise in A flat *et al.*; Cliburn (Victor).

Debussy: Etudes; Rosen (Epic).

Gesualdo: Vocal and instrumental pieces; Craft and others (Columbia KL-5718 and KS-6318).

Gluck: *Iphigénie en Tauride* (excerpts); Rita Gorr *et al.*, Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra, Duclos Chorus under Prêtre (Angel).

Handel: *Alcina*; Sciutti, Berganza, Sutherland *et al.*, London Symphony under Bonyng (London).

Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 94 (*Surprise*) and 101 (*Clock*); Richter and Berlin Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon).

Mahler: Symphony No. 3; Bernstein with New York Philharmonic, Schola Cantorum *et al.* (Columbia).

Mozart: Requiem; Richter with Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra, Stader *et al.* (Telefunken). Quartets K.499 and 589; Vienna Philharmonic Quartet (London). Piano Concerto K.491; Gould (Columbia). Piano Concerto K.453; Gulda (Vanguard; mono preferable). Serenade K.361; Craft with

wind group (Columbia; with Schubert-Webern German Dances).

Musorgsky: *Songs and Dances of Death* and *The Nursery*; Netania Dav-rath (Vanguard).

Schubert: Piano Sonata Op. 53; Schnabel (Angel). Grand Duo Op. 140; Gold and Fisdale (Columbia). Mass in E flat; Leinsdorf with St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir, Berlin Philharmonic, soloists (Capitol). German Dances (orch. Webern); orchestra under Craft (Columbia).

Strauss: *Don Quixote*; Szell with Cleveland Orchestra and Fournier (Epic).

Stravinsky: *The Firebird*; orchestra under Stravinsky (Columbia). *Jeu de Cartes*; Munch and Boston Symphony (Victor).

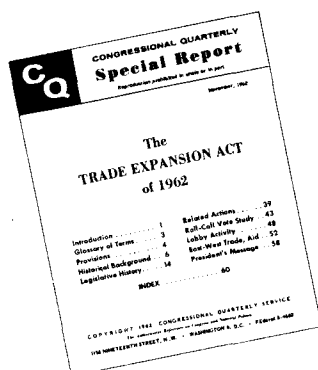
Verdi: *Don Carlo*; Santini with Stella, Labo, Christoff, Bastianini *et al.* (Deutsche Grammophon). *Aida*; Solti with Price, Vickers, Gorr, Merrill *et al.* (Victor).

Wagner: Wesendonck Songs; Farrell with New York Philharmonic under Bernstein (Columbia).

Wolf: Songs; Elena Gerhardt (Rococo).

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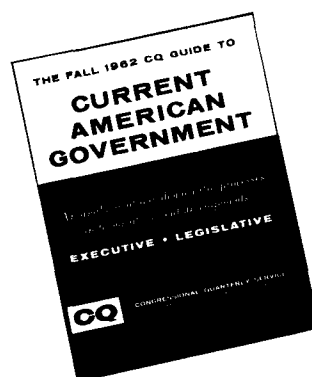
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To these add Angel COLH-130 and 131, with all but one of the performances of Schubert songs that Elisabeth Schumann recorded for HMV between 1927 and 1949. One of the most treasureable of pre-war Victor albums, M-497, *A Schubert Recital*, had a number of these performances that excited one with Schumann's distinguished art in the use of her clear, silvery soprano voice—an art securely based on the perfect production and control of the voice that enabled her not only to toss it about enchantingly in the lively songs but to spin it out in the wonderful sustained phrasing of *Nacht und Traume*, *Litanei* and *Naehe des Geliebten*. And a few more performances were issued on single records. To all these the Angel records now add the ones Victor didn't issue, allowing us to hear for the first time, among other things, the sustained phrasing of *Du bist die Ruh'* and *Nachtviolen*. The performance of *Das Lied im Gruenen* seems to me too mannered, and the voice doesn't have the power required by the climaxes of *Gretchen im Spinnrade*; but these are exceptions in a succession of marvel after marvel.

After playing chamber music for their own pleasure in their California homes for some years Heifetz and Piatigorsky put on a few public concerts in a small outdoor theater and then recorded several of the performances for Victor. One recalls a famous precedent: in 1905 Cortot, Thibaud and Casals began to play together for their own pleasure; after a number of years they presented

their performances to the public; and in 1926 they recorded their great performances of trios of Beethoven, Schubert and Haydn. It would be pleasant to report that Heifetz, Piatigorsky and their associates achieve something comparably fine in the performances on LD- and LDS-6159; but instead it is my unpleasant duty to report that they do not. Their fast tempos work in Mendelssohn's Octet, but are too fast for the expressive character and effect of the poignant opening movement and introduction to the finale of Mozart's G-minor Quintet; and Mozart's music suffers further from being played without any grace and any sensitive inflection, and from Heifetz's inability to state a melodic phrase with any distinction. And the excessively fast tempos inflict similar damage on Schubert's Quintet Op. 163. The other works are Franck's Piano Quintet and Brahms' G-major String Sextet Op. 36.

The musical intelligence and the feeling for ensemble operation that in the thirties and forties made the Budapest Quartet's the finest playing one could hear have continued undiminished; but time has brought a deterioration in tone and intonation. In the performances of Beethoven's Quartets Opp. 18 to 95 issued two years ago one heard the deterioration in the unpleasant tone of the first violin; now, in the performances of Opp. 127 to 135 that Columbia has issued on M5L-277 and M5S-677, one hears it in the dry, flat tone of the cellist. The more sharply distinct recorded sound makes these tonal defects more noticeable; and my advice is to hold onto—or to acquire before they are withdrawn—the 1952 performances of Opp. 127 to 135 on Columbia SL-174, in which the first violin's tone is still agreeable and the cellist's still has its extraordinary dark beauty, fullness and projective force. B. H. HAGGIN

## THEATER

*The Healthiness of Sick Comedy*

In an article entitled "Sicknik Time," Benjamin DeMott anatomizes the satire of the so-called sick comedians, which he finds irresponsible, unclarified, and socially ineffectual. To illustrate this, Professor DeMott lumps together such diverse sources of humor as Nichols and May, Lenny Bruce, Jules Feiffer, Pinky Lee, Joe E. Lewis, and *Mad* magazine, all rendered into the same un-

*Beyond the Fringe*

by and with Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, and Dudley Moore  
(John Golden Theater)

appetizing bowl of sour farina. This reductive method tells us little about the specific style and attack of the individual comics, but it is DeMott's intention to consign them all to a generalized sociological category; and the

most impressive part of his essay catalogues the themes and conventions which sick comedy usually assails: racial subjects, bourgeois domesticity, commercialized religion, politics, public relations, and cultural improvement. Alas, DeMott the social scientist is only a torso supporting the disapproving head of DeMott the moralist; and it is not long before he is scoring all his subjects for their "lack of a moral center," their scorn for healthy family life, their nastiness, their preoccupation with nuclear disaster, their "universal hostility . . . to *all* positive assertion," etc.—finally dismissing them for their failure to affirm that man can change his time.

This demonstrates, I think, what happens when an essentially anarchistic art falls into the critical hands of liberal-humanists: it is spanked for not serv-

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ing the social hopes and ethical ideals of the community. More sophisticated than, say, President Kennedy, who tends to regard artists and entertainers as soldiers in the Cold War, DeMott, nevertheless, seems to share the official desire to impress private expressions into public service, which may end by emasculating culture altogether. Though I suspect that DeMott's strictures could be applied to almost any Juvenalian satirist (is Lenny Bruce, for example, any more scurrilous than John Marston?), they are valid – as valid as Plato's discovery that the artist was subversive of the Republic – but they are also irrelevant. Most satire is, by its very nature, destructive and impractical. The satirist is an immoderate man who is often repelled by the very ideal of civilized society. And if he has any positive social function at all, it is purely purgative: relieving the spectator of his outrage and frustration over the forces which manipulate his fate. If sick comedy is prone to explore hidden areas of experience, then this is because these forces have severely limited the remaining avenues of freedom; and if its response to the time is excessive and extreme, then this is because the danger, terror, and insanity of our age have almost reached the breaking point.

I bring this up in order to introduce a discussion of *Beyond the Fringe*, the first British equivalent of American-type satire to reach our shores. This scorching review has all the qualifications of sick comedy as defined by DeMott. It roasts all his categorical turkeys, it has no firm moral center, it is immoderate, irresponsible, and totally destructive, it affirms no changing world, and – if I may be permitted an unDeMottian judgment of value – it is violently funny. The sketches certainly contain echoes of Jules Feiffer and Nichols and May, even occasional hints of Lenny Bruce, along with that rebellious tone and contempt for authority which one associates with the work of Amis, Osborne, and J. P. Donleavy. *Beyond the Fringe* has not yet been identified with sick comedy, perhaps because the community it attacks is not our own; but even now, I suspect, English critics are expressing sociological disapproval over its anti-social behavior.

The review's title suggests its stance:

that posture of disaffiliation from the system which DeMott seems to deplore. Beyond the fringe are four extremely talented and alienated young men; within the fringe are all the platitudes, pieties, and prejudices of the last English generation; and the sketches consist of venomous darts hurled over the boundary line. The major political target is Prime Minister Macmillan: one episode finds him, ancient and confused, describing the youthful vigor of Kennedy, while pawing, arthritically, at a globe of the world; another represents a duel between a Russian and a Briton, the weapons a chorus of raspberries for their respective leaders. Commercialized religion also gets the Bronx cheer as a TV theologian, who bubbles like a social worker, speaks of channeling juvenile violence toward God (a later sketch shows a vicar explicating a passage from the Story of Jacob in terms of class distinctions). The English worship of royalty is assailed; play censors and censors of pornography are identified with the perversions they would suppress; an African statesman is made to look as venal, corrupt, and self-serving as his European counterparts. Four homosexuals admire each other's hair and clothing before launching into a singing commercial for a man's cigarette; two linguistic philosophers trade "how questions" and "why questions" with examples from "real life"; a Beaverbrook journalist and an adman discuss ways to express dissent (the journalist titters at the boss behind his hand).

Two members of the company are especially gifted: the pianist, Dudley Moore, a kind of cultured Jimmy Savo who does wicked takes on Art songs, Benjamin Britten, and the endless codas of Romantic German composers, and the raconteur, Jonathan Miller, a perpetually unbalanced whooping crane whose fertile imagination can turn the most commonplace news story into a weird comic fantasy. As a group, however, the company excels in their long-est numbers. The first act finale, "Aftermyth of War," satirizes the blood-and-beaches attitudes of the English under Churchill, complete with stiff upper lips, upending cups of tea, and futile sacrifices, finally collapsing into utter desperation as the war generation hands the world over to the

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youngsters. And the funniest sketch of all decimates Shakespearean productions (especially Olivier's *Henry V* and the current Old Vic), and even Shakespeare himself - reducing the clown scenes, duels, and choral speeches to bluster and bombast, and the blank verse to absolute nonsense.

If all these subjects lie within the fringe, there is one subject that extends beyond: the H-bomb - and it is under the shadow of this monstrous birth that the entire review is played out. The evening is studded with nuclear references, and two sketches deal with the bomb directly: in the first, a panel group, addressing itself to the question "Kill or Be Killed - or Both," prescribes brown paper bags as a defense against radiation, thus suggesting the absolute idiocy of civil defense; in the second, and final sketch, "The End is Nigh," a group of fundamentalists are revealed, sitting on a mountaintop, awaiting apocalypse. It is this expectation of nuclear annihilation which accounts for the fury and savagery of much of this review, as it partly accounts for the extravagance of our own sick comedians. For if the young seem negative and irresponsible, then this may be because their positive and responsible elders have left them such a poisoned inheritance. And it is a measure of health, not sickness, that their inevitable anger and resentment can still be disciplined within a witty, sharp, and purgative art.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

## Correspondence

### Senility of the Young Rebel

Sirs:

One of the unfortunate consequences of *avant-garde* revolts is that after negating and criticizing the literary Establishment and its values, they eventually come around to affirming the entire syndrome. But John Wain's review of William S. Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* (December 1) is especially sad and disappointing because it suggests that in England the rebels turn square only ten years after their first splash, blinding themselves to the new in writing even before they turn forty.

In the course of his cavalier dismissal of Burroughs and his admirers, Wain affirms several conventional values - the superiority of clean experience, the need for an affirmative art and the everyday notions of *The Good Life*. For examples, cleanliness: Wain takes Burroughs to task for his oppressive concern with filth and, thus for being incapable of "looking at a landscape and getting anything out of it!" Affirmative Art: Echoing *Life's* perennial plea for a positive literature, Wain condemns Burroughs for being unlike Henry Miller who "has something to offer, and that something is an affirmation." Finally, *The Good Life*: Burroughs is condemned for finding pleasure in violence, and Miller is criticized for preaching an adolescent existence. Of this message Wain comments, "As soon as one begins to think seriously about it, the emptiness and weariness come into focus." To believe in these values, even worse to affirm them as vigorously as Wain does, is to disqualify oneself from saying anything significant about the new in modern literature.

In its theme and techniques, the novel is open to misunderstanding by the highbrow Philistine (an animal possessed of a highbrow sophistication and a lowbrow taste). It is finally concerned with the extremes of horror in human life; and, therefore, it takes its place in that literary tradition preoccupied with the possibilities of emotional experience. In structure, it is a series of sketches on this theme. (As a writer of a coherent of short narratives and essays, Burroughs resembles Miller; but this Wain fails to see.) For subject matter, it contains naturalistic descriptions of decay and surrealistic portraits of mental derangement. These vignettes are blended into a vision of an existence just steps away from self-annihilation. The effect of the book is Kafkaesque - a simultaneous sense of stark terror and reeling comedy; and the essence of Burrough's achievement lies in his ability as a writer to sustain this vision. In short, *Naked Lunch* is one of the more truly original and exciting pieces of prose to emerge from the fifties. It is precisely these elements that Wain, in his youthful senility, is incapable of seeing.

Richard C. Kostelanetz  
New York City

## Castro and Franco

Sirs:

According to Dwight Macdonald's letter in the November 17 *New Republic*, if the absence of popular rebellion in Spain justified our being nice to Franco, then we should be equally nice to Castro *a fortiori*. The Bay of Pigs fiasco, he suggests, affords ample proof that Castro is accepted by the Cuban people.

The Bay of Pigs fiasco affords no such proof (the 600,000 Cubans who have sought asylum in our country are convincing evidence of deep and widespread discontent). Moreover, at no time since the end of World War II has Franco's regime been even remotely a danger to our national safety. The existence of American air bases in Spain constitutes plain evidence of this. Castro, on the other hand, became a *prima facie* danger when he betrayed his own revolution (quite a while before the recent blockade was sprung) and a manifest danger when Russian nuclear missiles were set up at our very doorsteps.

Garibaldi Laguardia  
Santurce, Puerto Rico

I have just read, in your issue of November 17, a letter sneering at the established principle that I would apply to relations with Franco's Spain, the principle of accepting a government which those under its sway appear to accept. The sneer is based on the assumption that I would not apply the

principle to relations with Castro's Cuba. But the assumption is untrue: I would apply it to Castro's Cuba no less than to Franco's Spain. (This does not mean that I think Washington ought not to counter a direct threat, whether posed by Castro or by Franco or by anyone else.)

May I add that there was no excuse for your correspondent's misunderstanding, since I made it clear in my article that I applied the principle to leftwing and rightwing regimes alike?

Louis J. Halle  
Geneva

## Cold War: The Grey School

Sirs:

When TRB speaks of "two rival philosophical camps over the Cold War," it is, unfortunately, oversimplifying the situation.

The "grey school" actually is divided into two groups, each of which use the same words but do so with different meaning. The first group "believes that the struggle is temporary and that it will, after all, subside in time," and it does this thinking in terms of years. The second group would agree with the sentence, but think in terms of decades or even centuries.

Both camps in the "grey school" agree that "we must negotiate at all costs." The first group, however, thinks that we must and can negotiate successfully; the second group is less sanguine.

Both camps agree that "Russians are human [and] that Khrushchev is not a monster." The first group means by this that the Russians are just like us and that we should be able to get along if only we can erase mistrust; the second group would argue that love of power and commitment to a faith are human traits and that Khrushchev is amply endowed with both.

One of the major mistakes of the Goldwater school is, I would suggest, a belief that the first group of the "grey school" has dominated American foreign policy over the last decade and a half. Goldwater has not realized that one can combine a belief in the existence of a life-and-death struggle with a conviction that this struggle must be waged calmly and subtly.

Jerry F. Hough  
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